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WOMEN'S WEEKLY

JANUARY 21, 1950

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*Charles and
his mother*

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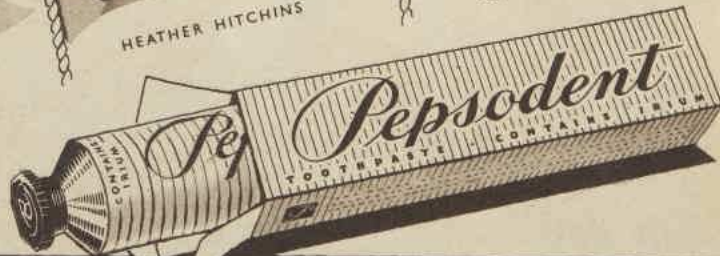
ANNE FORBES

The girls with the dazzling smiles
 are all Pepsodent users. They
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**They're convinced!
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IMPORTANT NOTE:

We regret that owing to legislation in force in Queensland, South Australia and Western Australia, readers in those states are not eligible to compete and must not submit entries.





By JAMES BLYTH DOW

BELINDA knew she should have been busy. She should have been taking her bath, or thinking about her hair, or cleaning her silver shoes, or her compact case, any one of the numerous important preliminaries to the Big Night.

She certainly should not have been sitting, clasping her knees and reflecting idly how uncommonly attractive Larry Colbrook was, while Larry Colbrook, poised on the step-ladder, wielded his brush and held forth about color and its effects upon character.

William Lawrence Colbrook, who rented the room-and-a-half called flat, opposite Belinda's on the top floor of Grayling Court, London,

otherwise Gertrude's, shouldn't for that matter have been in Belinda's room at all.

"Gertrude says I'm to do your doors, too," he had announced, waving his bucket of scarlet paint and pushing his way in with the step-ladder.

Belinda ought, of course, to have told him to come back some other time, preferably when she wasn't there. But her nerves, uncomfortably aware of the evening ahead, were demanding relaxation. She had only to think of all the instructions she was supposed to remember about the party, and the dentist's waiting-room feeling came back again to her stomach.

It was a relief to listen instead to

Larry Colbrook's chatter and to wonder how his lean face had become so darkly tanned and what had made his smile so taut, though his eyes were lively and direct in their gaze. There was indeed something pleasantly relaxing about Larry, about his long, lean, and rangy person in paint-splashed corduroys and navy-blue sweater.

He was, in fact, too relaxing to be the subject of speculation by a girl practically engaged to be married. She supposed, wistfully, that it was almost an act of infidelity to be thinking about any man other than Henry.

Henry, she knew, would have been shocked to think of Larry Colbrook discussing personality, or anything else, in the room that, though skilfully disguised, was still the place where she slept.

When he helped her to find a flat,

Henry had nodded thankfully over Gertrude's assurance that she let only to females. Before she left home to begin working in London, Belinda had been well warned of the Things that Went On in boarding-houses. As her mother, Henry's mother, and Henry explained: "A girl on her own can't be too careful."

But a fortnight later, Gertrude, who was fifty, tall, stringy and worldly in puce-colored slacks, had told Belinda she had a cousin coming to the top floor.

"He'll be here for only a couple of months," Gertrude said airily, "and he's staying in town to study something or other, so he won't disturb you, darling."

He won't disturb you, darling . . . Larry paused in his vigorous brushwork and pointed the brush at her.

Poised, and with a strange new confidence, Belinda joined the party, conscious that all eyes were turned towards her.

"I suspect that you are leading an unnatural existence," he said. "People have convinced you that you are a pallid little thing, while what you need is color—strong, warm color like this."

At that, the step-ladder gave a sudden lurch to one side. Belinda, sitting sedately hugging her knees in the window, a small, clear-eyed girl, with smooth-brushed, innocent-looking, light-brown hair, did not move. She watched him helplessly, fatalistically, as he made a grab for the paint-pot with one hand and for the wall with the other.

He gave her a reassuring grin as he got both pot and ladder under control, and then, abruptly, the grin faded. Belinda, following his gaze, looked at the dress.

Please turn to page 4

The beauty care that really works!

"LUX TOILET SOAP
facials give skin
fresh, new beauty
that wins romance"

says

June Haver

Star of Warner Bros.
"Look for the Silver Lining"



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**The Bath and
Complexion Care
of 9 out of every
10 Film Stars**



A Slight Touch of Scarlet

Continued from page 3

BELINDA'S dress, the one and only pastel-blue taffeta, remodelled for evenings after cousin Sue's wedding, was being aired in the doorway of the bathroom-kitchenette. Across its wide flaring skirt were three unmistakable splashes of scarlet.

Belinda turned shocked, incredulous eyes to Larry as he got down off the ladder.

"I must have jerked the brush."

"You—you idiot!" Belinda gasped and ran to take the dress into her hands.

"You were going dancing — to-night?"

"Dancing!" she echoed blankly. "I was going to—to settle my whole future."

"But haven't you anything else . . . ?"

Tears had gathered in her eyes. Because of them, she kept her back to him and shook her head, but her thoughts grew so overwhelming, she uttered them aloud. "What on earth will Henry say?"

Her words seemed to echo hollowly in her mind. It was an echo that had followed her down the years, an echo of her mother speaking reprovingly, asking the same question, "What would Henry say?"

"Who on earth is Henry?" Larry Colbrook asked.

Henry was the boy next door, the local boy who had made good at University, in the Army, and afterwards at Whitehall. He was, as Belinda was frequently reminded, a better "chance" than she might normally have expected and she was lucky that Henry's heart, for all his success, was still obviously in the right place.

"Why should Henry feel bad about it?" Larry persisted, having been allowed to guess who Henry was. "It's you who are suffering."

"He was taking me to meet Mr. Hickes," Belinda said, in a stricken voice.

Everything Henry did was surrounded by an air of importance. This, Belinda supposed, was natural enough, since Henry was something in the Foreign Office. As far as she could gather, he was in charge of one of the South American republics.

Some people, especially irresponsible like Larry Colbrook, might have thought him a trifle heavy. But she understood Henry.

She knew, for instance, that it was the impression that she would make upon Mr. Hickes that counted. Henry was next in line for an appointment abroad, and the wife he would take with him must look well in Mr. Hickes' eyes, as she would be herself a representative of His Britannic Majesty and also, of course, of Mr. Hickes.

Now fate and Larry Colbrook had ruined her dress and it was shockingly clear that she could not go to Mr. Hickes' party.

Larry Colbrook was regarding her with fiercely knitted brows. "I'm truly sorry. But surely Mr. Hickes will understand?"

Belinda glared at him. But at once her anger faded. Whose fault was it, after all, that she had forgotten about Henry and allowed herself to flirt, mentally, with a young man who had apparently nothing better to do in life than to splash scarlet paint all over the place and talk about its effect upon personality?

"What am I to say to Henry?" she asked dejectedly.

"Well, holy smoke, you aren't to blame for an accident!"

"Clever people like Henry don't have accidents on important occasions," she said shortly, and again was startled by the fancy that it was her mother's chiding voice that had spoken.

That, of course, was the answer. She wasn't, she never had been,

clever enough for Henry. Only, because her mother and Mrs. Mulholland had been such close friends, they had fostered the idea.

But what could she tell him? Looking at Larry's indiscreetly attractive face, she knew she dared not start to explain what had actually happened.

"Look here," Larry said, "I have an idea."

"Why don't you take yourself and your ideas and your pot of scarlet paint out of here?" Belinda asked in a voice now raw with despair.

"Right," he said, and, surprisingly, without more ado, he went.

She had fifteen minutes to wait, after finally getting through to Henry's extension, till Henry came back from some conference. Waiting in the draughty hall, she decided on a forlorn attempt at diplomacy.

"Henry, I can't come to-night. I've got a splitting headache. I'll have to take a couple of aspirins and go to bed. I'm terribly sorry . . ." The words came in a rush at first, and then tailed off weakly.

For a moment, Henry appeared to be too taken aback to reply. In that moment, someone tapped Linda's

"Take my advice and seek no further than the end of your nose. You will always know that there is something beyond that; and in that knowledge you will be hopeful and happy."

—Bernard Shaw

shoulder. Without turning, she caught sight of Larry Colbrook and mechanically clapped her hand over the mouthpiece.

"I know I have been a long time with this call," she said frigidly. "I won't be another minute . . . What did you say, Henry?"

"I said couldn't you make an effort? It may be months before there's another chance of introducing you to the chief."

"Oh, Henry, I—I'm—" She swung round furiously as Larry now gave her shoulder a determined shake. "Why don't you leave me alone? . . . What, Henry? No, I don't think you should come round. I—I think it's influenza coming on."

"In that case . . . Well, I'll make your excuses. I'll ring to-morrow . . ."

Dully, Belinda set down the receiver. Behind her, Larry was mopping his brow and pointing to a cardboard box on the hall table.

"I rushed round to my sister's," he said, "and borrowed a dress from her. She's about your size. It's cleaned, pressed, and ready. It might do."

Belinda's mind was still held by the tag-end of a thought, the reflection that Henry had not shown much anxiety for her health. Larry, carrying the box, followed her up the stairs.

"At least you can try it on," he insisted, as she paused on the landing. He thrust the box into her hands, and, smiling, left her.

Belinda laid the cardboard box on the divan, frowning at it, still thinking bleakly of Henry and imagining Mrs. Mulholland going into "The Limes" to read to her mother what Henry would have to say in his next letter. She noted, obliquely, under the name on the box, a Bond Street address. She opened it.

The dress was green-lame, a silvery-green like the underside of beech leaves, the heavy stuff shimmered as if a soft breeze stirred the

branches. It was a beautiful dress. Held in front of her, as she stood before the bathroom door mirror, it brought a light into Belinda's eyes and lifted some of the cold weight of her depression.

It was wrong, of course, to be excited by a dress, by a dress that she couldn't possibly wear at Henry's party. It wasn't really her kind of dress at all, an almost immodest thing by her home standards, low and off the shoulders, designed for a woman of the world, who could wear it with an air of careless, proud indifference.

Belinda, still watching herself, instinctively piled up her hair on her head to match the dress and was fascinated by the effect. She wrapped a towel round her shoulders, with excitement growing, and began, breathlessly, to work on her face. Then she stood back and regarded herself and saw that it was true.

"Belinda Carling," she whispered, "you're beautiful!"

She couldn't deny it. She was no longer a "pallid little thing." Her hair had lost its soft, innocent look, it had red lights in it and fire, and her shoulders had caught a silvery glow from the dress. Always after this, she thought, she would be able to say that on the night of Henry's party she had really looked beautiful, although she wasn't there . . .

Someone, of course, ought to see her like this, if only to assure her that it was true. Larry ought to be thanked, she had been unnecessarily rude to him. She knocked on his door and he held it wide and in his eyes was all the confirmation she needed.

"Holy mackerel!" Larry whistled.

His voice dropped, and an odd, sober look came into his eyes. "You're beautiful, Belinda!" He appeared to be about to say something more, but checked himself. "Shall I go and get a cab for you?"

He dashed out before she had time to reply. She had not been listening to what he said. She was thinking of that look she had seen in his eyes, not understanding it, nor the effect it had upon her, of a sudden piling up of tension, excitement, or fear, she didn't know which. She shook her head to clear it of disturbing, half-formed thoughts, and went back again to look at her reflection.

Larry tapped at the open door. "Cab waiting for you now."

She whirled about, flushed with excitement, with that silvery glow about her.

"You really think I can go—like this?"

He nodded, smiling gravely, watching her with eyes half-hidden in shadow and filled with a remote wariness.

"You couldn't be in better shape or fettle for Mr. Hickes and Henry."

He waited for her to go and she felt vaguely disappointed, she could not understand why.

Henry's was the first face she saw as the waiter led her among the tables. But the other faces swam into focus as she went forward and her nervousness fell away from her. It didn't, after all, look very different from the president's party at the Hospital Ball, the men's faces soap-shining and bright with determined gaiety, the older women with rouged cheeks, slightly disdainful, the younger ones affecting an intellectual severity with their hair and make-up.

Henry had a blond and florid smoothness in evening dress, he filled his suit perhaps a little too well, but this, with his cropped fair hair and his shining round cheeks, gave him a boyish look. Henry's face, however, was a battleground, and it was, for once, his diplomatic reserve which lost.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 21, 1950



DATE WITH DANGER

TOSSING his cream sombrero aside, Doyle Gray came charging around the end of the bar. The bright lights gleamed on the white display of the famous Gray fighting grin. He came in fast, but he started his swing too soon. I moved in to make it look good and I took his left on my shoulder, rolling with it.

Then I countered with a right for his head. I placed it carefully, and pulled it, and it didn't even muss Gray's hair.

Grunting, he led with another straight left. I saw he was short again, and stepped close. He shifted, still grinning, and whipped across a vicious right hook. It caught me flush in the mouth; his signet ring cut. My knees went watery. Everything blurred into a big, dancing set of Gray's teeth.

He must have thought he had me, then. He climbed all over me, punching, but he didn't know enough to finish me. Cold mad, I covered up, until the blurring stopped. I pushed him off, faked a stagger, and set myself.

Gray rushed. I put my left hand under one of the pockets of his cowboy shirt, and crossed with my right. I threw everything I had behind that last punch. It didn't travel more than six inches. The jar as it connected went all the way up my arm.

Something seemed to erase the beautiful sheen of Doyle Gray's features. He went back, spurs over

kerchief, and landed in a splintering of bar-room furniture.

"Cut! Cut!" I could hear Henry, the director, screaming.

Nobody on the set moved. They were all staring at a million dollars' worth of male screen star flat on his back. Doyle Gray was out cold.

I said, "Print that!"

It broke the spell. Grips and extras ran forward to pick up the studio's inert property. People burst into excited gabble. High on the set an electrician started to laugh.

Henry wasn't laughing. He was cursing, and half crying. He grabbed my arm. "Driscoll! You big, dumb cluck! What do you think you're doing?"

I touched my bleeding lip. "I warned him about that signet ring, Henry."

"Get off the set!"

Henry was beside himself. Ordinarily, he's a fat, jolly cynic, but now he was boiling, knowing that the front office would have his head if Gray was really hurt. He called me several names. He even clutched at my shirt.

I don't like being pawed. I reached out and removed Henry's glasses. Gulping, he let go of my shirt and stepped back.

"Relax, Henry," I said.

He squinted in my general direction, and spluttered his words:

"You'll never work around here again, Bus Driscoll! You're through! Get off my set! Get out!"

"Sure," I said. "Take it easy." I gave him back his glasses.

They were bringing Gray around, helping him to his feet. His face looked a little lop-sided. Henry yelled at some of the boys to throw me out. Big fellows, handling tools. They seemed slow getting organised, and one of them slipped me a wink. I decided it was time to leave.

I brushed past Henry's script girl on the way out. She was a tall girl, with nice hair, but kind of a

thin face. She was looking at me with the disgust that little girls register when the boys fight in the schoolyard.

"Don't forget to have make-up paint out a bruise on Mr. Gray's facade," I said. I thought she shuddered, but I didn't stop to make sure.

I went out to my locker, and changed from those silly cowboy clothes. I figured I'd better collect what they owed me before the whole Trans-Hemisphere Studio heard about how I'd endangered its stock. I went over to the cashier's window. He knew me, and when he gave me my cheque he grinned.

"Get going, Bus. While the going's good."

I was surprised. "That grapevine must be faster than sound."

He lowered his voice: "If I had my way you'd get a bonus. Gray's a bad actor in more ways than one." The phone at his elbow rang, and he waved me away. "You left ten minutes ago."

I got the roadster out of the employees' parking space, and left. I was feeling the kickback now. Not that I had any regrets about dumping Doyle Gray. He'd had it coming to him for a long time. Every other stunt man in the business would want to shake my hand.

Gray was one of those stars who hung it on the other fellow in his fight scenes. Since the stunt man was usually a bumper—a stunt man paid for taking bumps—our hero, Mr. Gray, was both safe and sadistic. But I had broken a major role by pasting him back. There's no future in slugging stars.

The trouble was, the Army had spoiled me for stunt work. No studio could match the bumps we'd had out in the Pacific, and I'd been taught to push back when somebody pushed me around. It looked like I'd pushed myself right out of the motion-picture business.

Once the tale was spread around, building as it spread, only the

"You know he warned you that this stunt was too dangerous," she said quietly.

quickies would hire me. And those outfits expect you to decapitate yourself in front of a camera for a cup of coffee.

As I tooled down Pico Boulevard, in the usual winter afternoon haze, my future seemed even murkier than the Los Angeles air.

I stopped at a bar called the Hemisphere Hills about a mile from the studio, and went in for a drink. The place was quiet and dark. They had Venetian blinds across the front windows, but nobody had done anything fancy to the decor. There wasn't a nickel's worth of chrome in the place.

The bartender, in shirt sleeves, was listening to the race results on his radio. There were a couple of beer-drinking customers in a corner.

It was a good bar. You never saw a star in it or a director, or anybody in the higher brackets. Mostly the patrons were grips, carpenters, the bumpers, and maybe a musician or two.

I was finishing my second drink when the girl came in. She was just a tall girl in a white, woolly coat. She had a green scarf at her throat and a silly little hat on her dark hair. I was mildly surprised when she took the next stool.

"I was looking for you, Mr. Driscoll."

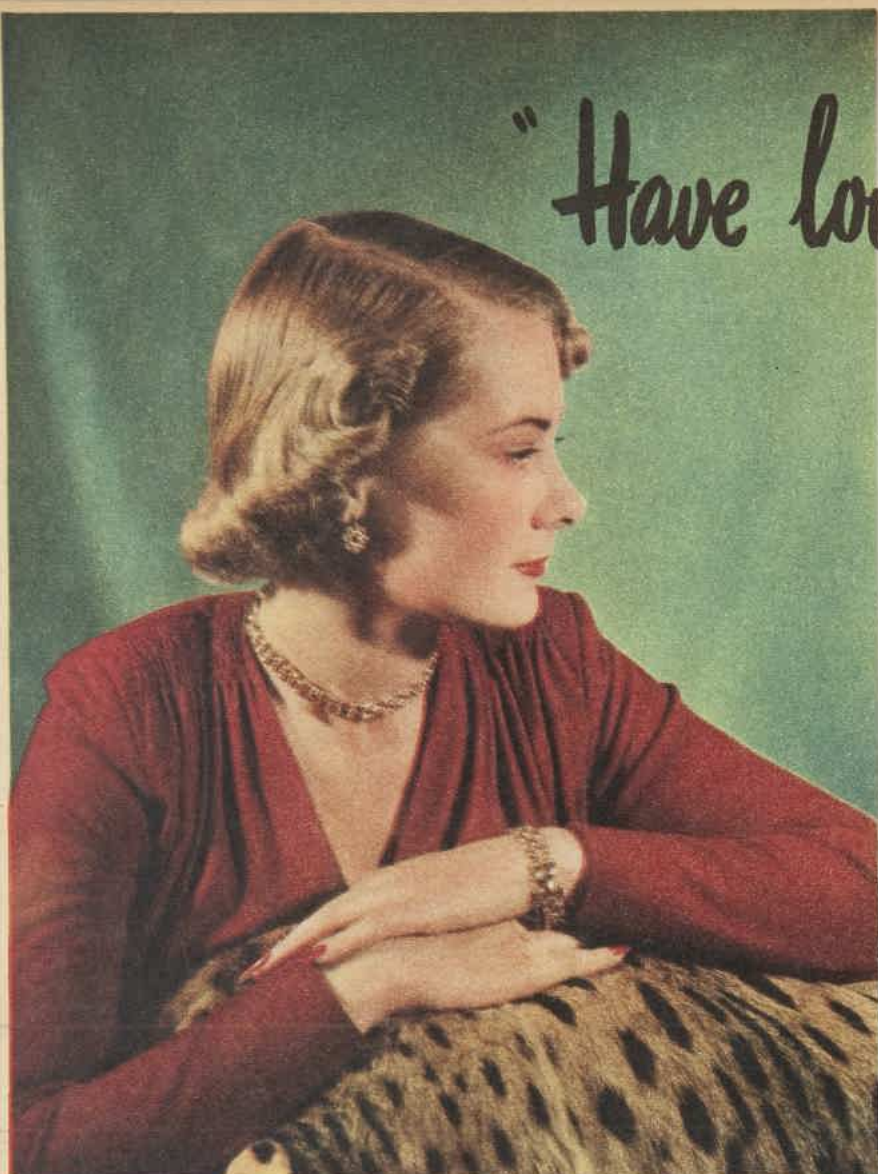
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AT SALONS, CHEMISTS AND STORES

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 21, 1950

CROOKED HOUSE

By AGATHA CHRISTIE

WEALTHY Greek ARISTIDE LEONIDES dies by poisoning. CHARLES HAYWARD, in love with his granddaughter SOPHIA, comes to the dead man's home with CHIEF-INSPECTOR TAVERNER in a semi-official capacity.

The household includes Aristide's young second wife, BRENDA; his eldest son, ROGER, and Roger's wife, CLEMENCY; Sophia's parents, PHILIP and MAGDA LEONIDES, and their other two children, EUSTACE and JOSEPHINE; the children's tutor, LAURENCE BROWN; an elderly aunt, EDITH DE HAVILAND; and NANNIE, a former nursemaid.

Surprise developments include the discoveries that Aristide's will was unsigned and that Associated Catering, his big firm managed by Roger, is on the verge of bankruptcy. Suspicion falls chiefly on Brenda and Laurence, while Charles is amazed by the inside information given him by the child Josephine.

Returning to the house after a visit to his father at Scotland Yard, he talks with her in the garden, then suspects that someone overheard them.

Charles continues his story:

THERE was a murmur of voices from the big drawing-room as I entered the house. I hesitated, but did not go in. I wandered down the passage and, led by some impulse, I pushed open a batten door. The passage beyond was dark, but suddenly a door opened, showing a big lighted kitchen.

In the doorway stood an old woman, a rather bulky old woman. She had a very clean white apron tied round her ample waist, and the moment I saw her I knew that everything was all right. It is the feeling that a good Nannie can always give you. I am thirty-five, but I felt just like a reassured little boy of four.

As far as I knew, Nannie had never seen me, but she said at once: "It's Mr. Charles, isn't it? Come into the kitchen and let me give you a cup of tea."

It was a big, happy-feeling kitchen. I sat down by the centre table and Nannie brought me a cup of tea and two sweet biscuits on a plate. I felt more than ever that I was in the nursery again. Everything was all right, and the terrors of the dark and the unknown were no more with me.

"Miss Sophia will be glad you've come," said Nannie. "She's been getting rather over-excited." She added disapprovingly: "They're all over-excited."

I looked over my shoulder. "Where's Josephine?" She came in with me.

Nannie made a disapproving clucking noise with her tongue.

"Listening at doors and writing down things in that silly little book she carries about with her," she said. "She ought to have gone to school and had children of her own age to play with. I've said so to Miss Edith and she agrees—but the master would have it that she was best here in her home."

"I suppose he's very fond of her," I said.

"He was, Sir. He was fond of them all."

I looked slightly astonished, wondering why Philip's affection for his offspring was put so definitely in the past. Nannie saw my expression, and, flushing slightly, she said: "When I said the master, it was old Mr. Leonides I meant."

Before I could respond to that, the door opened with a rush and Sophia came in.

"Oh, Charles!" she said, and then quickly: "Oh, Nannie, I'm so glad he's come."

"I know you are, love." Nannie gathered up a lot of pots and pans and went off into a scullery with them. She shut the door behind her.

I got up from the table and went over to Sophia. I put my arms round her and held her to me.

"Dearest," I said. "You're trembling. What is it?"

Sophia said: "I'm frightened, Charles. I'm frightened."

"I love you," I said. "If I could take you away—"

She drew apart and shook her head.

"No, that's impossible. We've got to see this through. But you know, Charles, I don't like it. I don't like the feeling that someone—someone in this house—someone I see and speak to every day is a cold-blooded calculating poisoner . . ."

I didn't know how to answer that. To someone like Sophia one can give no easy, meaningless reassurance.

She said: "If only one knew—"

"That must be the worst of it," I agreed.

"You know what really frightens me?"

she whispered. "It's that we may never know . . ."

I could visualise easily what a nightmare that would be. And it seemed to me highly probable that it never might be known, who had killed old Leonides.

But it also reminded me of a question I had meant to put to Sophia on a point that had interested me.

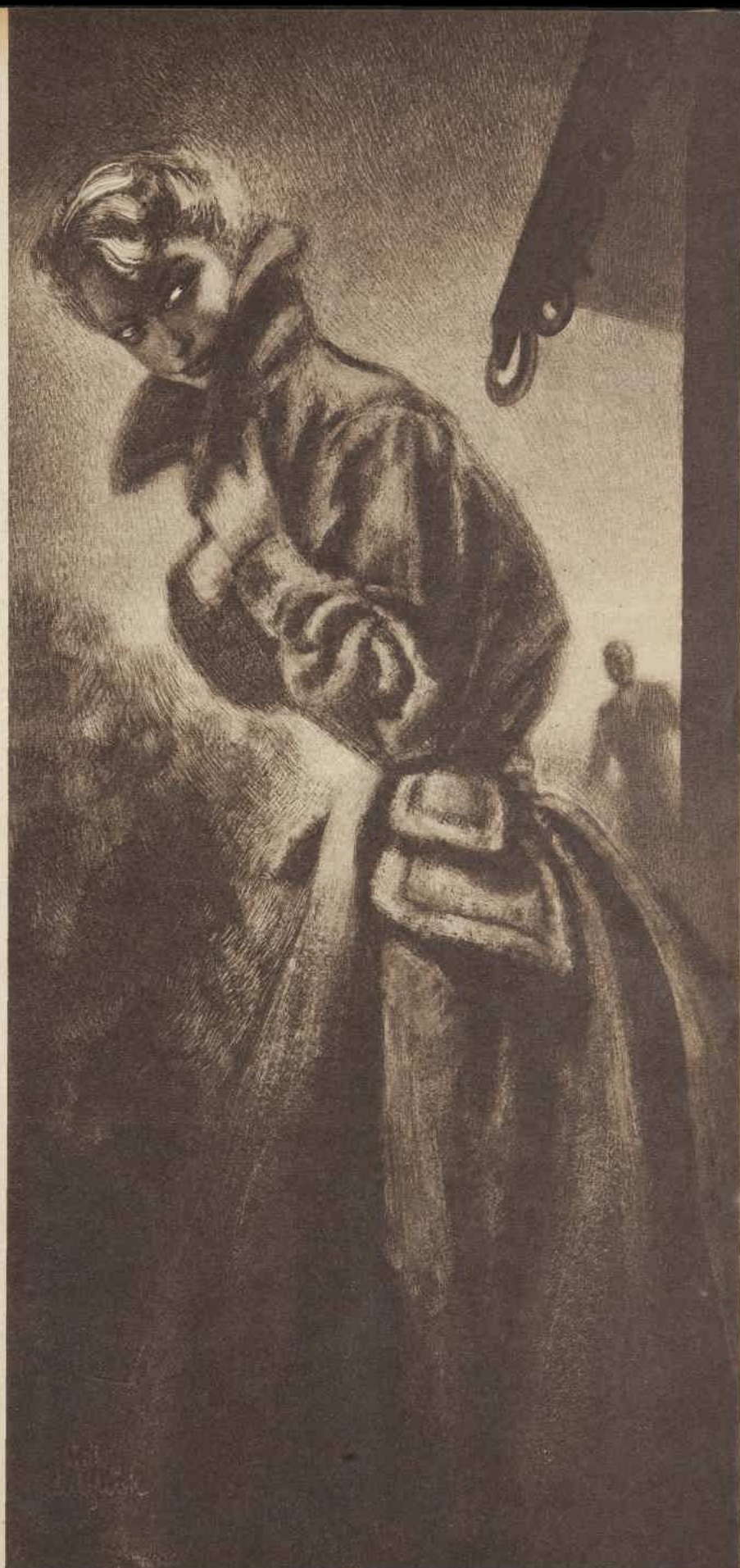
"Tell me, Sophia," I said. "How many people in this house knew about the eserine eyedrops. I mean (a) that your grandfather had them, and (b) that they were poisonous and what would be a fatal dose?"

"I see what you're getting at, Charles. But it won't work. You see, we all knew."

"Well, yes, vaguely, I suppose, but specifically—"

"We knew specifically. We were all up with grandfather one day for coffee after lunch. He liked all the family round him, you know. And his eyes had been giving him a lot of trouble. And Brenda got the eserine to put a drop in each eye, and Josephine, who always asks questions about everything, said: 'Why does it say "Eyedrops—not to be taken" on the bottle? What would happen if you drank it?'

Please turn to page 32



She came slipping stealthily through the twilight, a shadowy figure following in her wake.



Now on



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a portable radio every week for 10 weeks.



HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO!

Write a "breezy" few words—10 to 25 only—of what you like most about the famous Tek 3-Row, Tek 2-Row Professional or Tek Junior in the style that can be used as a radio announcement. Jot them down—any number of announcements you like — on a scrap of paper — no special form required, nothing to enclose, and send them to Johnson & Johnson, Box 3331, G.P.O., Sydney at once. Your entry not only qualifies for one of the major prizes of Mullard Radios of *Champion Quality*, but you may win a beautiful Mullard

Portable awarded to the best entry received each week! That's why you must hurry. Competition closes March 31 and full results will be published in daily papers on April 20. Decision of the panel of judges is final and no correspondence can be entered into. Employees of Johnson & Johnson and their connections are not eligible to compete and all entries received remain the property of that organisation. So be right in the fun, send your entry without delay NOW!

Listen to the **QUIZ KIDS** every Sunday for full details



SAVING THEIR BACON

By . . .
Dorothy Black

FROWNING heavily, the colonel surveyed the young man standing before him. "The trouble with you, sir," he said, "is that you are too inventive. No soldier under the rank of field-marshal should be as full of bright ideas as you are. Bright ideas in the wrong place, Jason, are like dandelions in the garden."

"Yes, sir," said Lieutenant Jason stiffly. He liked his colonel. He hoped to marry his colonel's daughter. Indeed, they were just waiting for a propitious moment to lay the project before him, and then he, Tim Jason, had to go and do a fool thing like this. Yet it had seemed a marvellous wheeze at the time.

"To go to the fancy dress dance as your sister was a regrettable breach of good taste," said the colonel. "But to carry it to the length of a flirtation with the general . . ."

"I didn't know the general was as sweet on my sister as all that, sir."

"Quite," said the colonel, acidly. "I gather you have—er—engaged her to this gentleman—by proxy."

"Yes, sir." Gulping, Lieutenant Jason laid on the desk a handsome gold signet ring, bearing the coat of arms of Sir Chatterley Wilburton, K.C.B. His picture glowered down on them in the best military tradition from a handsome gold frame on the wall behind the colonel's chair. A shudder went down the lieutenant's spine as he met that painted eye.

George, the junior subaltern, and his close friend, had remarked on seeing that picture: "There—but for the price of gin—go I, old boy!" But that was by the way.

"A disgraceful affair!" went on the colonel. "You have put me in the unpleasant position, Jason, of having to break it to the general that he has been made a fool of. Full generals don't like being made to look a fool. This sort of thing is going to do you no good, you know."

"It went much farther than I intended it to, sir. I thought everyone knew my sister, Constance, was in Rome, engaged to the military attache . . . It was announced in the papers, sir."

"The general must have missed it. Well, let this be the last time you indulge your inventive genius."

"Does the general know who it was . . .?" said Lieutenant Jason, and gulped again.

"He does not. Nor, if I can help it, will he do so. I am not anxious it should be known," said the colonel unkindly, "that I pick my junior officers with so little discretion! Good morning!"

Well, that was one way not to make an impression on the man whose daughter you hoped to marry, thought Lieutenant Jason, leaning against the wall of the passage, limp as a stretched collar in a tropical climate. Never again, he thought. That's the end of it. From now on, I devote myself to my career. And to Mary.

Mary had been in on the joke—at least, the

beginning of it. She had lent him the dress . . . But forget it!

He telephoned her at once.

"It's all right, darling," he said. "Your father was pretty mad, but it's over now, and never again. No, he didn't even stop my week-end leave. I'm going home this afternoon to help steer my mother through a garden fete, but I'll be back in time for the picnic on Monday. How could I possibly forget, darling?"

He walked along to the mess for breakfast, whistling happily.

Just behind him came Colonel Cottar, with the major, who said: "Now, there's a young man who will go far."

"That young man," said the colonel shortly, "will go too far, if he doesn't take care." They seated themselves at the breakfast table, and the colonel gave a groan.

"What! Powdered-egg omelet again! Gad, what wouldn't I give for genuine bacon and eggs. That's what's wrong with the country, sir. The Englishman's breakfast is no longer what it was, and everything else follows suit."

Next evening, as the church bells rang over the quiet summer fields, Jason looked into the office, where the junior subaltern had been on duty all day.

"Hi, George! Come out to the garage. I've something to show you!"

He carried something that appeared to be struggling, in a mackintosh.

The garage was empty, owing to Lieutenant Jason's having had to sell his car to pay for his bicycle. The bundle, deposited gingerly on the cement floor, became very much animated, and presently launched a pig. It was quite a good-sized pig, pink and chubby.

With simple pride, Lieutenant Jason said: "I bowled for it, and won it. For some time the local blacksmith ran neck and neck with me, but I drew ahead in the last round. We'll fatten it, and have it cured, and then, old boy, bacon. Real bacon, such as the old man's soul longs for."

He smiled with satisfaction. "That will put me into his good books if anything will," he concluded. "A son-in-law who can produce at will unlimited bacon, these days, is not to be sneered at!"

"I say, that's good!" said the junior subaltern enthusiastically. "Count me in on this. I'll help you feed him."

"We must keep it a dead secret, till we're ready to burst it on them in all its magnificence."

"You don't suppose someone will smell—?"

"That'll be all right, you'll find. We'll clean out the place at night, and feed it when no one is around. It's pretty fat already. We needn't keep it more than a week or so. The great thing is not to get fond of it. I remember in India my people got a sheep from the local mutton club they ran. My poor mother became so passionately attached to it that lamb chops were out of the question."

The pig had retreated into the far corner of the garage, from where it watched them with a crafty eye.

"The first thing we must do is to square Parker. He'll have to be in on this, too, for we shall need help and advice. Leave it to me, old boy. The great thing is to break it to him tactfully. Parker is a moody sort of chap."

Please turn to page 34

The Australian Women's Weekly — January 21, 1950
Page 9

"What on earth have you got in that bag?" Mary asked, looking completely astonished at the sight of them.





How to keep your husband home at night



IMAGINE ME! Married five years and already eligible for the "Lonely Hearts Club." I had such rosy, romantic ideas about marriage, too . . . If I could only get John home often enough to practice them.



MOTHER KNEW THE ANSWER, of course. "My dear," she said, "John's married to his work. Get him interested in his home . . . refurnish." Over breakfast next morning I told John my plan. "Now, Honey," he said, "Don't do anything rash . . . meet me at the store at lunchtime."



"JUST SINK YOUR FINGERS INTO THIS," the salesman suggested. "That's 'DUNLOPILLO' comfort. Millions of tiny air cells keep the cushioning cool, clean-smelling, and free from dust, germs and vermin. 'DUNLOPILLO' is practically everlasting!" "No more sagging lounge chairs," said John.



JOHN'S DESERTED HIS OFFICE. Each night he settles down into his new lounge chair cushioned with 'DUNLOPILLO' and looks as if he's there for keeps. It saves me hours of housework, too. 'DUNLOPILLO' cushioning springs right back into shape . . . mattresses do not need turning.



WE ENTERTAINED JOHN'S BOSS LAST NIGHT. Was he impressed? "Quite the shrewd buyer, aren't you John," he said. "This 'DUNLOPILLO' is really good value for money. It's sound economy to buy comfort that lasts a lifetime." John glowed. Now he's in line for Purchasing Manager.

PROVE

these facts about "DUNLOPILLO" cushioning

- * You can't wear it out. "DUNLOPILLO" lasts a lifetime.
- * It B-R-E-A-T-H-E-S. Millions of tiny air bubbles ventilate 'DUNLOPILLO'—keep it cool, fresh-smelling, clean.
- * 'DUNLOPILLO' will not sweat—even on the hottest nights. That's why 'DUNLOPILLO' is used on so many hospital beds.
- * Saves housework—"DUNLOPILLO" keeps its shape for ever.
- * 'DUNLOPILLO' gives you heavenly comfort—at down to earth prices.

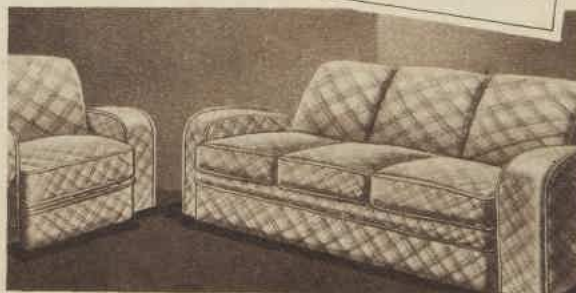
Here is a typical example of how smart a lounge Suite cushioned with 'DUNLOPILLO' can look. Your local retailer will willingly give you advice on the uses of 'DUNLOPILLO' in lounge furniture.

THE ORIGINAL LATEX FOAM CUSHIONING

"" DUNLOPILLO ""

* Mattresses * Pillows * Lounge Chairs and Suites * Car Cushions * Ring Cushions * Carpet Underlay

(Regd. Users)—LATEX PRODUCTS PTY. LTD.—A DUNLOP COMPANY—BRANCHES IN ALL STATES





● Omar Kiam makes the lace gown, above, which has black silk thread, outlining the pattern, and strapless top.

● Interesting notes in Jo Copeland's cate au lait organdie gown, at right, are the camisole top and jewelled belt.



Enchanting Gowns from New York

● Draw-string skirt of Janice Milan's cotton gown, at left, lets down to ankle-length or hoists up to mid-calf. Bolero matches the frock.

● Claire McCardell makes the shantung gown, at right, with a criss-cross bodice and a roped-in waistline to hold the gathered skirt.





So they say in California where this fine casual shirt was styled, but the craftsmanship and colourful variety of exclusive fabrics help more than a little. No wonder then it is the most copied shirt. So look for the label and insist on the genuine

Country Club **NEATLINE SHIRT**
STYLED BY SPIRE OF CALIFORNIA

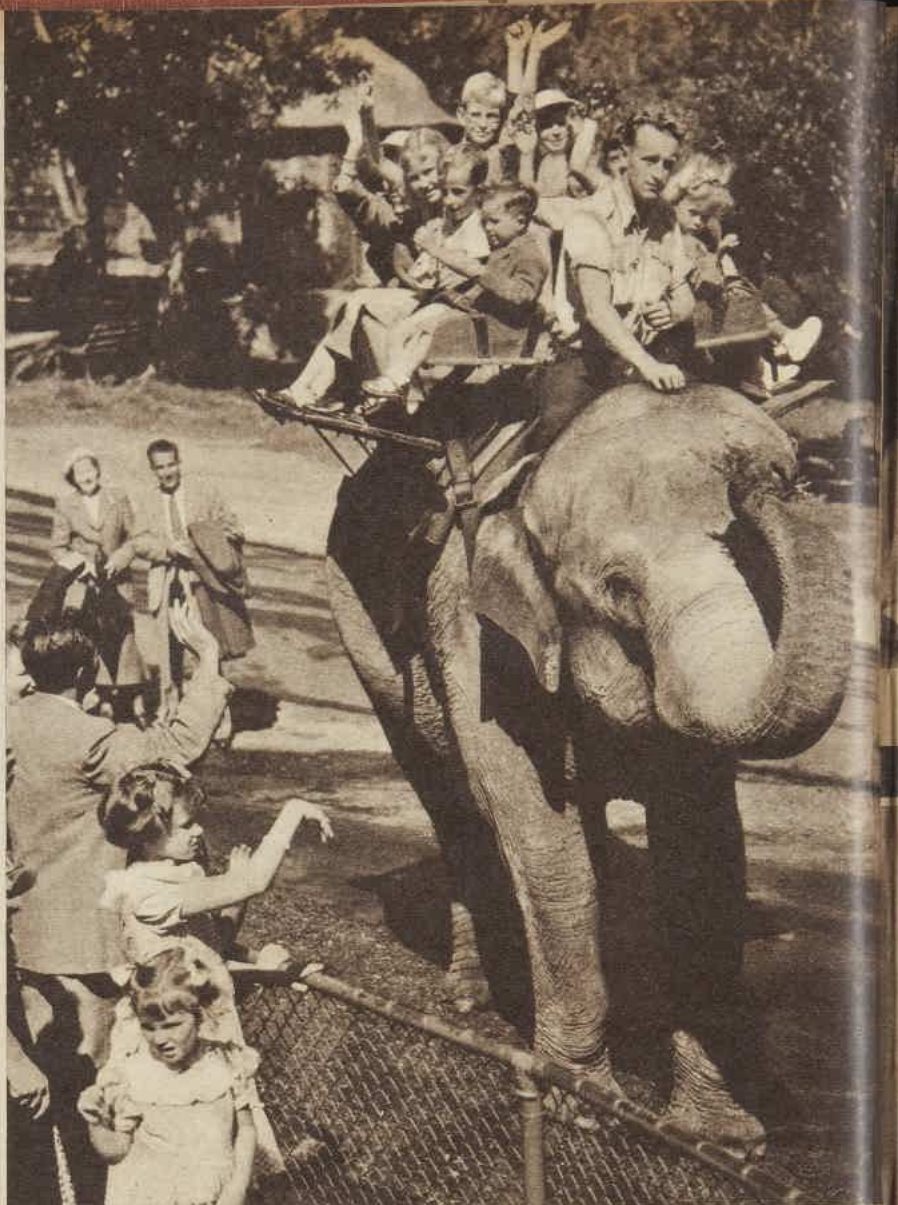


*For that special date
wear Poplar Shoes*

AVAILABLE IN AMERICAN MULTIPLE FITTINGS
AT LEADING STORES FROM \$2/9 TO \$4/6.

POPLAR SHOES

130 HODDLE STREET, COLLINGWOOD, VIC.

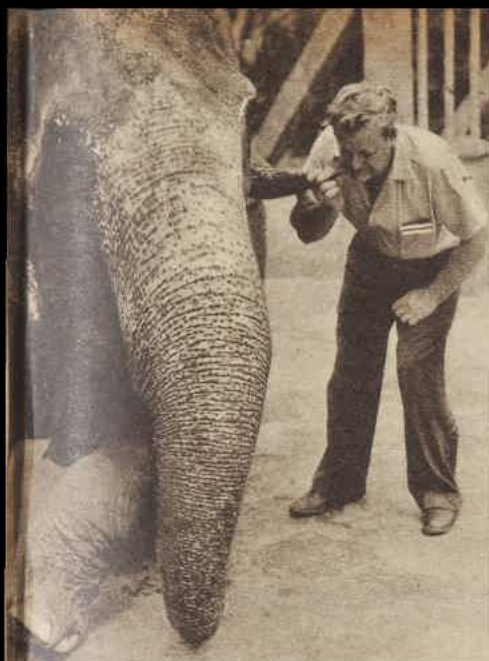


LOAD of happy youngsters enjoy a ride on Jill at Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney. Asst. keeper Dave Cody, of Concord, N.S.W., acts as mahout. Jill carries an average of 35,000 children each year.

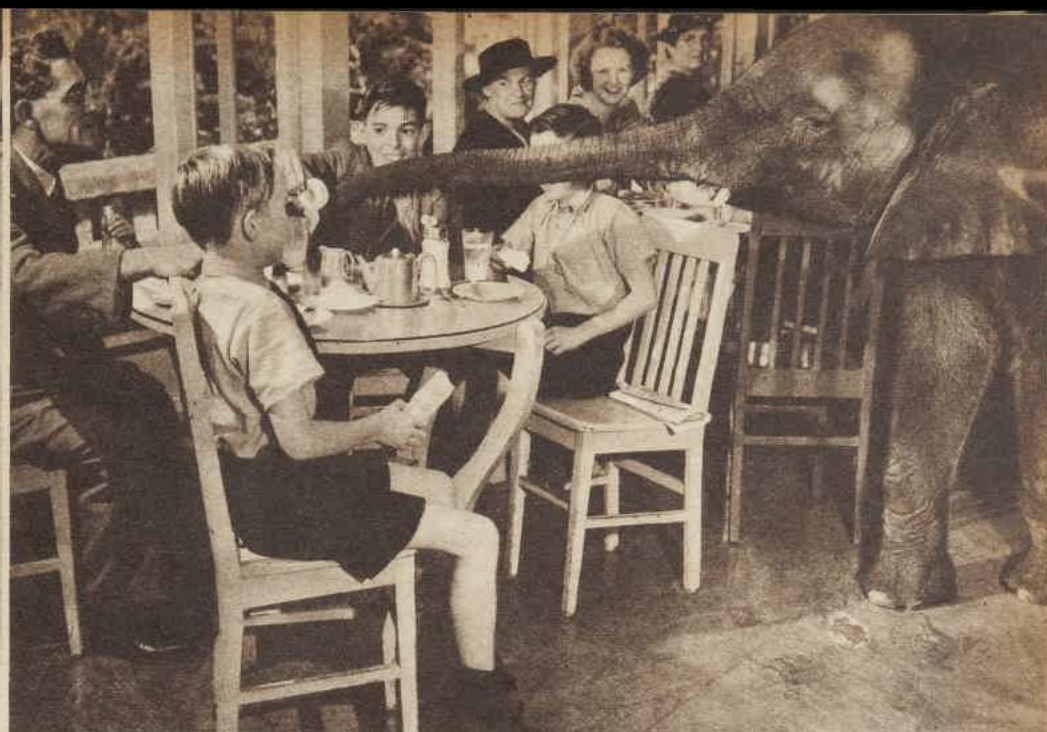


FORTNIGHTLY BATH of Sarina, Rancee, and Jill is overwhelming sight. Rancee uses her trunk to shower herself while Jill dives in the background. Pictures by staff photographer Jack Hickson.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 21, 1950



EAR-BITING is astonishing disciplinary measure by keeper, Charles ("Chick") Cody.



CHEENA, three-year-old calf, is still manoeuvrable enough to pay a visit to the Zoo refreshment rooms to accept a proffered bun.

TRUNK CALL AT THE ZOO

ELEPHANTS are rated as an important drawcard to any zoo. No youngster's visit is complete without a "ride on the elephant" and a few adults have confessed to having a soft spot for the ungainly animals.

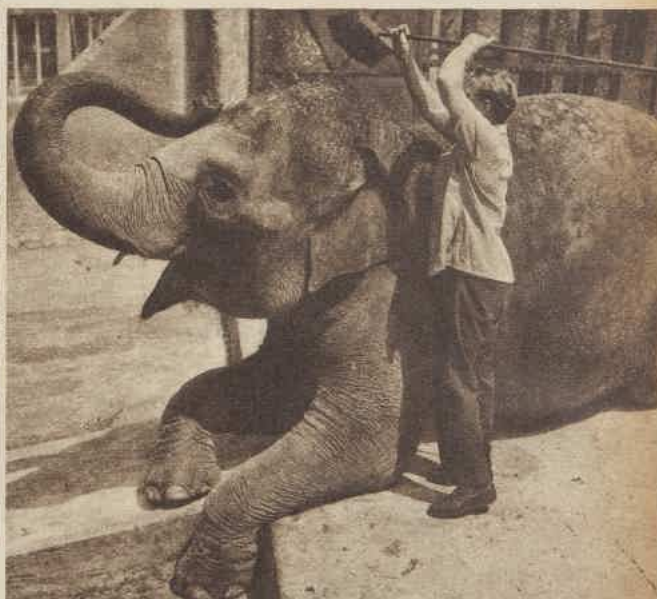
Taronga Park Zoo, Sydney, at the moment can boast of having five elephants to show—three Indian and two African species. All are female, and one is a calf, and their care and daily grooming make up a full-time job for head elephant-keeper Charles ("Chick") Cody and his four assistants.

Highlight of elephants' lives is their fortnightly bath, when they make a big splash in the pool built into their enclosure.

Cheena, three-year-old African calf, the property of Mr. E. J. Hallstrom, is a specially pampered guest at the Zoo. She has her own summer day house, her summer night quarters, and a heated enclosure for the winter.



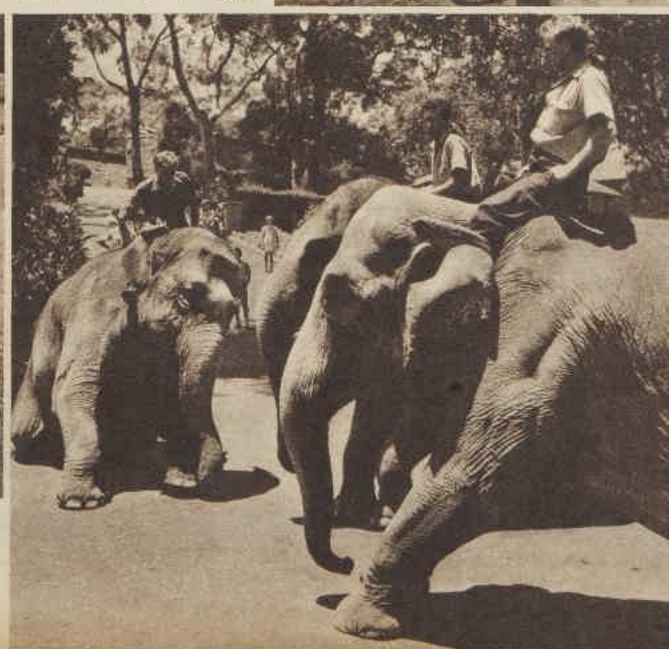
FILING toenails of elephant, twenty per manicure, is mammoth task which takes an enormous file and lots of energy.



JILL is brushed by keeper Cody, as part of daily grooming routine. Keepers fortunately find their large charges amiable and obedient.



BATHING or not, a girl still gets hungry. Jill extends her trunk expectantly to visitor who holds a promising-looking carrot.



ELEPHANTS are ridden around grounds each day to exercise them. There are three Indian and two African elephants at Taronga Park Zoo.



*Enjoy
Summer Fun!*

*Thrill to the call of the surf and
the sand! Live life to the full
-carefree and full of confidence!*

**Take VINCENT'S A.P.C
With Confidence**

For SUMMER HEADACHES
FATIGUE, NERVOUS DEPRESSION

VINCENT'S A.P.C Powders and
Tablets give marvellous relief.
VINCENT'S will lift you to bright,
smiling alertness.

VINCENT'S A.P.C is prepared
to the original hospital formula
and is *a proved and fully
accepted medical prescription!*

LOVELY BERYL JAMES
MISS AUSTRALIA 1948

is truly a worthy representative of the Australian girl
— from high fashion to active outdoors. Possesses
irresistible charm; delightful naturalness, poise and
 deportment. These essential qualities of "Miss Australia"
are based on confidence! Take VINCENT'S A.P.C. with confidence!

VINCENT'S
A.P.C
Genuine PINK POWDERS & TABLETS

Little Hats

● Built on an eggshell foundation shape, little hats, easy to wear before and after dark, give an elegant air to cocktail or dinner frocks. The attractive models shown on this page are all by London designers

● A puff of veiling and a cluster of spiky leathers lend a party air to this variation of the eggshell in black velvet.

● Profile turban of candy-pink satin ribbon has becoming line.

● Midnight-blue velvet egg-shell cap trimmed with lame devil spike, and worn with chenille spotted veil.

● Amethyst velvet cocktail cap, with beaded crown and silver-grey leathers with dandelion clocks.

● Snug skullcap in bottle-green wool felt finished with high feather trim.



Gad sir! I wish they were blunt

And Gad, sir, what a relief for teeth and gums to find a toothbrush with round-ended bristles.

THE IMPROVED WISDOM TOOTHBRUSH, WITH ROUND-ENDED NYLON BRISTLES, MASSAGES YOUR GUMS WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

—So smooth, so stimulating, so vigorous in action. The smooth, round tip  of each strand gently slides over the tenderest gums—penetrating between teeth . . . stimulating nerve and blood vessels . . . toning up tissue . . . promoting perfect oral health. Now you can effectively massage your gums  while you clean your teeth. Goodbye to torn, lacerated gums from ~~harsh~~ ordinary cut bristles. For brighter, smoother, glistening, white teeth— firmly held in rosy pink, healthy gums—start using the Improved Wisdom Toothbrush. Get one . . . without delay . . . for each member of the family. On sale everywhere.

Wisdom
The improved toothbrush

● The most effective to use with ANY dentifrice . . . for vigorous gum massage and effective cleaning of teeth.

* IT KEEPS ON KILLING FOR WEEKS!

SPRAY ONCE A MONTH

* This original slogan, created by NUMBER 13 to describe truthfully the long-lasting killing power of this miracle insect spray, has been widely imitated and copied. To guard against imitations, always look for the name "NUMBER 13" with the distinctive red triangle on the yellow label.



FOR BEDROOMS. Spray curtains, ceilings, walls, carpets, skirting boards, etc.



FOR KITCHENS. Spray walls, ceilings inside and outside cupboards, etc. Paint the spray on window sashes with brush.



IN LINEN PRESS. Spray everywhere and guard completely against moths and silverfish.



ON RUBBISH BINS. Spray this breeding ground—and stop flies breeding.



Taylor's NUMBER 13 D.D.T. SPRAY

1/8d. A BOTTLE - ALSO THE FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE
- A FULL PINT TO LAST ALL SUMMER 3/4d. A BOTTLE

AT ALL STORES EVERYWHERE

You don't need to spray wastefully into the air, half suffocating yourself. You spray surfaces only. The spray dries, leaving a fine, invisible film which lasts for weeks and keeps on killing every insect that touches it, even for a second. It kills all flies, silverfish, ants, moths of all kinds, mosquitoes, cockroaches, sandflies, fleas, bedbugs and other insect pests.



TAYLOR'S NUMBER 13 D.D.T. POWDER
To keep your dog free from fleas and to protect him against tick, dust him once a month. Bathing is bad for a dog's health. Powdering is easy and safe and - happy dog! - he can't bring fleas into the house any more!

1/3d.
a large tin



TAYLOR'S NUMBER 13 D.D.T. EMULSION CONCENTRATE
It kills such agricultural insect pests as codlin moth, thrip, mirids, harlequin bug, cabbage moth and scale. It mixes with water in one second. On the label you will find full details of this gardener's friend.

2/6d.
a bottle



INSECTS FLY OUTSIDE TO DIE!
Any insect touching a surface sprayed with NUMBER 13 is doomed. It must die. But it does not die instantly - and by instinct it seeks to get out into the open air.
Therefore you can leave your doors and windows open for fresh air. Your floor will not be littered with dead insects - yet your house will be kept completely free of insect pests when you spray ONCE A MONTH with NUMBER 13. It keeps on killing for weeks!

Manufactured by the Chemical Division of Taylor's Patent, Ltd., Sydney, N.S.W. 1217

In Rome—year of great pardon and great return

Thousands of pilgrims flock to Eternal City for colorful church ceremonies

By ANNE MATHESON, in Rome

For those who come to Rome during Holy Year there will be a feast of color as medieval ceremonies are staged with piety and religious fervor in this artistic masterpiece that is the Eternal City.

It is the greatest show of the century and the last we will see for another 25 years. Holy Year—a year of "great pardon and great return"—is celebrated only four times in each century.

NOT all the thousands who queue up daily at the Holy Door at St. Peter's, however, are Roman Catholics.

Sixty per cent. of the visitors are not, though most share with the Vatican in its hopes that the spiritual effects of Holy Year will be a counter to Communist ideology.

For the Pope is at war—a war of ideals—and pledges his army of 3,000,000 pilgrims who will follow the road along which St. Paul was dragged in chains.

In spite of the Pope's protest, there is an air of fiesta about the Eternal City. Shops are overflowing with luxury goods that oil men from Texas buy and the ordinary pilgrim yearns after. For prices are high and are getting higher.

Those who want to hit the high spots will need all their tourist's allowance for even a short stay.

Tax and extras

THERE is a 21 per cent. tax on your hotel bill wherever you stay in Rome, whether it's the swanky Excelsior with film stars and millionaires, or at a pension with other travellers anxious to see the wonders of Holy Year.

Extras on your bill will include heating, perhaps lighting, and a percentage for service.

Tipping has been abolished for Holy Year, but a gentle smile and bow just touched with humility will make you feel like a princess if you do pass a porter a few lire for service that is always generously given.

Whether you are in the millionaires' class, joy-riding to Rome this year because it's the thing to do, or whether you are one of the faithful making a pilgrimage to gain an indulgence, you must have a pilgrim's ticket for Holy Year.

Some 2,000,000 "pilgrims' envelopes" have gone out to 68 countries, so that most pilgrims will collect theirs before they leave home.

But for those who came to Rome without one, there is a central committee for Holy Year set up in Vatican City.

If you have proper credentials you can get a "pilgrim's envelope" from them. It costs only 700 lire (about 10/-).

In the envelope is a pilgrim's badge, a small silver-plated circle inscribed "Holy Year, 1950" in Latin.

Some countries as well as Italy will honor the pilgrim's ticket as a passport. It entitles the holder to reductions on Italian as well as some other countries' railways, and reduced admission charges into Vatican City galleries and museums.

The envelope also contains a "Pilgrim's Book," telling the signifi-

cance of Holy Year, and a guide to Rome, with special emphasis on Christian relics.

Frail and ageing though Pope Pius XII is, he has undertaken a very heavy programme. Apart from religious ceremonies, he hopes by

granting large audiences to see every pilgrim to Rome.

His long-fingered, thin white hands have been held up innumerable times since Holy Year commenced, evoking spiritual guidance and prayers for peace.

Whatever their faith, creed, or color, visitors and pilgrims all are visibly impressed by the Pontiff.

In addition to receiving and blessing in public audiences all pilgrims to Rome, the Pope will take part in scores of great ceremonies, including consistories at which Cardinals may be created to fill 16 vacancies in the Sacred College.

There will be colorful and meticulous ceremonies to elevate several of the Church's elect to its high honors of beatification and sainthood.

WHEN Holy Year is celebrated, usually at 25-year intervals, at St. Peter's Basilica, Rome, it is inaugurated with a ceremony in which the Pope raps three times with a silver hammer on the Holy Door. The third blow shatters a thin marble cross on the door as he intones, "Open the portals to me, because God is with us." The Holy Door, still walled up but with masonry cut inside, falls down on to a board and is drawn away.

In former years a large heavy mat has been spread across the entrance for the duration of Holy Year, but this year, for the first time, the mat has been replaced with heavy bronze doors made by Mario Marinelli. They depict in 15 bas-relief panels the life of Christ. At the conclusion of Holy Year the doors will be placed in the Vatican Museum.

Then there are the celebration of the Pontiff's birthday, his coronation, Holy Week blessing from the balcony outside St. Peter's on Easter Sunday, and a long, long list of other ceremonies to which more are added daily.

In addition to all this it is expected Pope Pius will celebrate Mass

on one or two Sundays each month at St. Peter's during Holy Year.

The Pope will be 74 in March. In the past at least three Popes have died during Holy Year. And those at the Vatican who are concerned with the health of Pius XII remember this and the fact that no modern Pontiff has carried such burdens of office.

Holy Year has changed little in its ceremonial form since Boniface VIII in 1300 instituted the first recorded Year.

In its true meaning it has not changed at all. Few pilgrims trudge the rough and perilous road to Rome as in other days. They come by every form of modern transport, the reward is just the same. Punishment for sin is wiped out.

Rome, meanwhile, has had a general tidying up for the great influx of visitors. Police have new uniforms. Traffic regulations have been tightened up, flower beds planted, and the central railway station is being rebuilt.

Special security measures have been taken against Communists, tipping has been abolished, and promises extorted from hotels that prices will not be raised.

There are 20,000 beds under Vatican control will full pension (meals), at 23/- for single rooms, 20/- double, and less for accommodation in dormitories.

Two new hotels have been rushed up by the Vatican, one called the Palace of Penitents. The greatest influx of pilgrims is expected from France in May, when a former Queen of France, blessed Giovanna of Valois, is to be canonised.

There will be at least five canonisations during the jubilee—lengthy and most spectacular.

The gay life

THERE is plenty of life in Rome for those visitors who did not come for the religious side alone.

Nightclubs are numerous, gay, and not over-expensive. Floor shows are being imported from Paris and America. Frocking is elegant, with the richness of pure silks, satins, and velvet (for which Italy is famous), matched with heavy gold jewellery and vivid gems.

On this luxury level Rome provides a spectacle second only to Holy Year ceremonies.

The Via Veneto (millionaires' row) of Rome is where the elite sit out at wrought-iron tables to sip their cocktails.

It is a most exciting sight. New and wonderful cars, bearing number plates from Rio de Janeiro to Bergen and Boston, park beside shabby Roman taxi-cabs.

Persian princesses order dresses by the half-dozen from Rome's dress salons, said to be rivals of Paris for fashion leadership.

Film stars and directors pass almost unnoticed in the fashionable throngs at Doney's, where everyone meets for coffee and drinks.

And though there are dark spots in Italy's economy, she is receiving with Holy Year much-needed foreign spending money as the Vatican mobilises Catholics in the "Great Return."

More pictures on pages 26, 27



KNEELING IN PRAYER. Some of the thousands of pilgrims, who are flocking to Rome for Holy Year, await, before the main entrance of St. Peter's Basilica, the opening of the impressive doors.

OUR COVER

Our cover this week is the most recent color portrait of Princess Elizabeth and her baby son, Prince Charles. The picture was taken by Marcus Adams, famous London photographer.

JANUARY 21, 1950

HEROINES OF OUTBACK

WILTING in midsummer heat, the people of Australia's coastal cities "dips their lids" to the women of the scorched inland.

It is sometimes said nowadays that the radio and telephone and kerosene refrigerator have softened the hardships of outback life.

But in such a season as this, for instance, these are the merest cool packs applied to a desperate fever.

Grim stories come from many parts of Australia—of temperatures soaring toward 120 degrees day after day, of bushfires on fifty-mile fronts, burnt pastures, lost stock, water shortages, and exhausted men and women.

There is no more inspiring sight than that of our outback women seeing their men through a bushfire crisis.

From every homestead and humpy they come in traps or old cars, on foot or horse, laden with food, cooked often enough on roaring fuel stoves.

Through the heat and smoke they go right to the fire's edge to bring these creature comforts to men who cannot leave their weary posts even for a meal.

They bring so much more than food. They bring new heart with a smile and word.

To the men who farm in the choking dust and searing heat of the plains their "gallant loving hearts" are strength and inspiration.

"The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again," wrote George Essex Evans of them in his famous poem "The Women of the West."

But the grace it steals is replaced by a deeper one. Yes, we dips our lids.

The celebrated Mrs. Isabella Beeton

IN Mrs. Isabella Beeton, author and editor of the celebrated "Beeton's Book of Household Management," the Victorian age produced a modern career woman.

Born into comfortable middle-class circumstances the year before Queen Victoria was crowned, she might well have had the accepted role of Victorian wife—dedicated to paying calls, driving in the park, and morning shopping expeditions.

Instead, Isabella as a young bride worked side-by-side with her charming, delicate husband, helping him build up a flourishing publishing business, and at 25 began the work that was to reform the English kitchen.

From being once accepted as the standard work on cookery, "Household Management" to-day has reached a high rank as escapist literature. It is read as much for its Victorian charm and quaintness as for its recipes.

Second only to the Bible as a best seller, it has gone into countless editions, and "Mrs. Beeton" has become a household word.

During the war P.O.W.s nominated Isabella's work as almost their favorite. Men on Polar expeditions have been known to prefer "Household Management" to any other book offered by the camp library.

To-day as many men as women read the monumental 556,000-word work of the young Victorian career woman.

When Isabella was seven, the eldest of four children, her widowed mother remarried. Her new stepfather was Clerk of the Course at Epsom and the family went to live at the racecourse.

At Epsom, with its glimpses of glamorous turf identities, and frequent air of tension and excitement, existence became jollier and took on a new color and tempo.

Her stepfather was proud of Isabella. He sent her to be "finished" at Heidelberg, on her return home insisted that she have music lessons from the most expensive music master in London.

She had grown into a handsome young woman, with heavy brown hair, a fine carriage, and a strong, sweet face. Writing of her at the time, an acquaintance described her as "a strong, small woman, full of go and energy, and a fine organiser."

When she and the rising young publisher Sam Beeton met again, after having known each other in childhood, they fell in love.

After a year, during which their courtship was conducted with true Victorian elegance and grace, the handsome and lively young pair married and set up home.

FAMOUS WOMEN

Isabella first showed the strength of character that was so rapidly to develop when she firmly refused the request of Sam's mother to accompany them on their honeymoon.

Exactly what gave her the idea for "Household Management" (fantastic at the time, considering her youth, her husband's success, and society's conventions) is not recorded.

But during the first months of married life, Sam's late hours at the office and her desire to have a hot supper waiting at home brought her face to face with problems from which a cook, kitchenmaid, and housemaid could not altogether cushion her.

Canvassing the reaction of friends to her idea, a less enthusiastic and forceful character than Isabella might have been discouraged by the letter written her by a Mrs. English:

"Cookery is a Science that is only learnt by Long Experience and years of study, which, of course, you have not had."

Her grief at the death of her first child in the year after her wedding undoubtedly caused her to turn to the preparation of "Household Management" with renewed vigor.

She read all the most notable cookery books—in particular those

Victorian dynamo who was cookery book author and pioneer of paper patterns

of Brillat Savarin and Alexis Soyer—and took from them the best of the recipes.

After Sam had asked the readers of his "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" to send in their recipes, potential matter for Isabella's venture began to pile up. At home she set about testing them, it being one of her self-imposed rules that "nothing must go into the book untried."

It was a hard winter, and with typical efficiency and lack of fuss Isabella interrupted the work to open a soup kitchen and feed the neighborhood's hungry.

The next year "Beeton's Book of Household Management," edited by Mrs. Isabella Beeton, and published by S. O. Beeton, made its first appearance in 3d. monthly parts.

The same month the Beeton's second son was born. He lived until he was three.

At this time England probably held no happier, more successful, and less typically Victorian couple than the Beeton's.

Here was a wife who claimed



MRS. BEETON in her twenties. She was only 28 when she died.

among her other rights that of being her husband's closest companion and confidant.

In addition she was known to possess a white piano, and to pay her small sister when she came to stay the almost unbelievable compliment of placing a fresh flower on her breakfast tray.

Apart from such eccentricities, the Beeton's offended conventional feeling by seldom going to church.

Isabella felt that the "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine" needed brightening up. She and Sam went to Paris, where she arranged for the first colored fashion plates of French dresses ever used by an English magazine.

Enchanted by the clothes she saw, she felt that other women would be, too. Though a paper pattern service had never been heard of, she saw at once that paper patterns cut from the newest French clothes would prove irresistible to every home dressmaker in England.

Before they left the idea was worked out in detail. Readers of the E.D.M. would see the gowns in the latest issue, write, enclosing 42 stamps, for the patterns. It seemed a money-making certainty, and it was. A special staff had to be engaged to cope with the requests.

Isabella shared the fate of most pioneers—to have those who followed benefit most by their originality. Working in the E.D.M. office was a man named Weldon, who was later to found the famous Weldon paper pattern service which is still functioning.

Isabella also wrote fashion notes for Sam's publications.

She was now (apart from her many pathetic and unfortunate efforts at childbearing) like a machine in high gear. Her efficiency had become second nature, her vitality was at its peak, and her

strength of character steadied the impulsiveness of her gay, successful publisher husband.

But, as a picture taken at the time shows, all this had taken a toll of the eager girlfiness that had been hers before her marriage. Bella's face had grown harder and more purposeful. In the picture she might be mistaken for 40, instead of her 24.

This wholly untypical Victorian matron was to record with unmistakable satisfaction in her diary that year that she found herself "the only female dining in the Table d'hôte."

The work that was to change the history of English cooking first appeared in book form in 1861. Its price was 7/6, and it had an immediate success.

Strangely enough, none of her sisters ever said of its author that she was more than an indifferent cook. What appealed so strongly to the book's buyers was that Isabella had presumed throughout that the reader knew nothing.

In painstakingly careful language she made all the recipes and advice in the work perfectly clear to her readers.

Though it appears the height of extravagance now, "Household Management" was actually considered economical at the time. It was the first of the cookery books written to appeal to the middle classes.

It does, however, contain the famous turtle soup recipe, calculated in those days to work out at 7/6 a quart. "This," Isabella notes in small print, "is the most expensive soup brought to the table... apt to disagree with weak stomachs."

The familiar jokes, "First catch your hare" and "Take 90 eggs," are attributed by tradition to Isabella. Actually neither appears in the book.

A writer of considerable charm and style, she went to enormous trouble to ensure that no recipe or hint had the same beginning. Certainly she never began one by bluntly saying "Take..."

On the other hand, Isabella almost undoubtedly originated the saying, "A place for everything and everything in its place," and "In cooking, clear as you go."

Readers to-day will find Isabella at her most typical and charming in the chapters devoted to society, manners, and dining.

Of the first she says: "Friendships should not be hastily formed, or the heart given at once to every new-comer..."

Continued on page 22

SHIPS DESIGNED FOR WOMEN

WOMEN'S comfort, women's tastes, and—sometimes—women's whims are to-day shaping the plans of engineers who design Britain's most modern and sumptuous passenger liners.

Mammoth shipping companies have decided that however speedy their new ships are to be, and however rugged and masculine their smoking-room appointments, the best insurance for a ship's success is to design it, first and foremost, for mildity.

The new policy was clear last year when the pride of the P. and O. Company's fleet, Himalaya, reached Australia on her maiden voyage. Those who inspected the handsome, white-hulled liner found it a superb floating home for women and children.

Himalaya provides two magnificently equipped nurseries and large, enclosed play-decks with nursery hostesses and trained kindergarten.

A complete account of Himalaya's wonderful appointments appears in the January issue of A.M., now on sale.

A.M.—The Australian Monthly—is the best magazine value for men and women.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



By GUS



GLAMOR GOWN worn by pretty young matron Mrs. John Bavin when she arrives at party given by Pauline and George Falkiner, Haddon Rig, Warren, at the Falkiner family home, Tokay, Bellevue Hill.



FAMILY AFFAIR. Ross Field squires his two sisters, Heather (left) and Betty, when they attend party Pauline and George Falkiner give to welcome George's two sisters, Mrs. Ernest Burton, from America, and Mrs. Eric Nelson, of Hawkes Bay, New Zealand.



COUNTRY GUESTS. Coralie and Bill Fagan, of Sunny Ridge, Mandurama, were guests at the Falkiner party. For many of Pauline and George's country friends it was the first opportunity they had had personally to congratulate couple on their marriage, which was celebrated in England last year.



ENGAGED. Helen McGregor, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Eric McGregor, of Roseville, and Owen Jeffery, only son of Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Jeffery, of Elsie, Oorindi, north-west Queensland, announce their engagement in Sydney.

Intimate Greetings

HOLIDAY trip to Australia gives Ivie Price opportunity to look up old friends and relatives whom she hasn't seen since 1944 when she left Australia with Lord Gowrie and her aunt, Lady Gowrie.

"It's thrilling to be back," she tells me. "Lots of things have changed, but everyone looks exactly the same." Miss Price left her ship at Melbourne, and stayed with relatives, Captain and Mrs. Lockhart Little, before coming on to Sydney, where the Australia has been her address.

After a few weeks in Sydney, Miss Price will visit relatives in Queensland, the Barney Joyces, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Perse, and Mrs. Del Pratt.

She tells me that when she left England Lord Gowrie and Lady Gowrie were both blooming, and continued their practice of holding open house on Sunday to welcome friends visiting England. "The fact that they can entertain so much at the moment is entirely due to the generosity of their host of Australian friends who send along food parcels."

The Gowries' daughter-in-law, Lady Ruthven, and her two young sons, "Grey" and "Malise", are still living with them at Windsor Castle.

CONGRATULATIONS for Alex and Elizabeth Holcombe, who have baby son. Elizabeth was formerly Elizabeth Howse, of Orange.



SYDNEY BACHELORS. Buster Bourke (left), David Gunning, Junior McGrath, Henry Hill, and John Robinson with Mrs. David Coventry, of Armidale, at Windjammer Stirling, Southport, Queensland. Bachelors have been missed by Sydney's young spinsters at our beach resorts over holidays.



COOLING OFF IN THE SURF. Bob Grandin, Carolyn Adair, Bob Reeves, and Louise Barnhart, members of the "Oklahoma!" company, take to the sea at Bondi. Bob Grandin is biggest enthusiast and is learning to manipulate a surfboard.



INTERSTATE ROMANCE. Bruce Treloar, of "Vendron," Tamworth, snapped with Melbourne fiancée, Janice Henderson, at engagement party given by Jan's parents, the Bruce Hendersons, of Canfield.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Mr. and Mrs. John Coolahan cut wedding cake at reception held at bride's home after ceremony at Sacred Heart Church, Pymble. Bride, formerly Kath Haseler, youngest daughter of Mrs. M. Haseler, of Pymble, and the late G. W. Haseler. John is only son of Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Coolahan, of Lindfield.

HEAR from Adelaide that attractive Patricia Stratten, daughter of that popular Cootamundra pair, the Des Strattens, announces her engagement to Ken Kidman, of Naracoorte, S.A. Ken, who is son of Mrs. Kidman and the late Sydney Kidman, and Pat came back to Australia in Oracles together. Wedding bells will ring, I hear, at the end of this month.

SYDNEY girl Enid Metcalfe is on her way home in the Swedish ship, Parramatta, and is delighted that she has at last got herself signed on as one of the crew. She is one of two stewardesses on board, and will be arriving in Sydney next week. She has been living in Norway and Sweden, and will arrive home almost three years to the day she left. Enid had exactly one week in which to get ready to leave Stockholm, where she was working, to go to Gottenburg to join the ship. She writes that she shares with another girl a large two-birth cabin furnished with a sofa and two comfy chairs and chests of drawers. She speaks in Swedish to her fellow stewardess and in English to the chief steward.

TWO families from Muswellbrook. Some district who will have new addresses at Terrigal this year are Blue and Frank Thompson and Ruth and Frank Drang. Ruth and her daughter Sally recently arrived back in Sydney after wonderful trip abroad.

WEDDING of interstate interest when June Macdonald, only child of Mrs. E. Macdonald, of Epping and Ayer, Queensland, marries Norman Drummond at Congregational Church, Epping. Bridegroom is fifth-year medical student at Sydney University.

INFORMAL high tea closes social events connected with University Catholics' Federation of Australia Holy Year Conference, which has been held in Sydney. Meet lots of interstate delegates, among them Anne Giffeder, who is final-year law student at Melbourne University, and John Richardson, of South Australia, who is fifth-year medical student at Adelaide University. They tell me they will remain in New South Wales to attend the National Union of Australian University Students' Annual Congress, which commenced last week and continues until January 24. Congress will be held at Gan Gan Camp, near Port Stephens, and 400 students from the Commonwealth and New Zealand, as well as some visiting students from overseas, attend.

HAPPY news for the John Dixons. They have cable announcing arrival of their first grandson, born to daughter Judy and son-in-law Stuart Phelps Dodge, at Colorado Springs, U.S.A. Have news also that second daughter Ann arrives back in Australia from America on February 4. Ann will marry American George Reppetti in Melbourne in April.

BABY talk. Bob and Nina Newcombe, of Quirindi, are receiving congratulations on arrival of baby son whom they name Dallas Charles. Nina was formerly Nina Crossing, of Carinya, Quirindi. Eric and Marjorie Birdsall, of Castlerag, have second son. Pauline and Mick Lloyd have second child, a son, at St. Luke's, and Alec and Nell Atwill have baby daughter, Helen Louise, also born at St. Luke's Hospital.

Joyce

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with refreshing
new fragrance!



Now...considerate people
use Lifebuoy

People everywhere are praising today's new refined Lifebuoy. Smoother, smarter looking, it has a delightful new fragrance. In the abundance of Lifebuoy's rich, creamy lather, more and more people are finding the modern way to lasting, all-over freshness. With its special purifying ingredient, it stops "B.O." before it starts.

Stops 'B.O.'
before it starts



W.32.WW.10

A Slight Touch of Scarlet

Continued from page 4

WHEN Henry introduced Belinda to Mr. Hickes his smile was forced; quite clearly and angrily he disapproved, was shocked.

She saw the look, that passed between the older women, the slight raising of eyebrows, the "We'll talk about this later" signals, and she felt oddly elated. She felt like an actress who waits, while the company assembles and the party falters in its stiff beginning, before she makes her entrance.

She danced with Henry. "Aren't you pleased I managed to come after all?" There was, unmistakably, a laughing lilt in her voice.

"Of course," Henry had control of his features now, but his voice was cold. Poor Henry, he hated anything that wasn't in the book of rules. "Aren't you running a risk in that dress, with influenza hanging about you?" he asked.

"I felt I couldn't let you down, Henry. Isn't it a beautiful dress?"

"Where—you didn't get that at home?"

"It was a pot of paint, Henry. The fairy touched it with her magic wand."

"Your hair is a bit much, isn't it?" She danced with Mr. Hickes, tall, grey, and bespectacled. She caught the genial wrinkle in Mr. Hickes' eye and her gaiety bubbled up again irresistibly.

"You're awfully like my father," she told Mr. Hickes. "He was a parson and he always looked as if he'd put his collar on the wrong way round by mistake."

"Good gracious, girl, do I look like a parson?"

"No. But he didn't, either. Isn't it a bore for you having to be diplomatic and dignified all the time?"

He squinted down at her and gave a dry chuckle.

"You get used to it," he said, and his arm perceptibly tightened round her waist. "You'll—ah—get used to Henry's dignity, too, you know," he added.

He looked astonished at himself then, but Belinda, with complete assurance, giggled. They were both smiling to each other, as at some private joke, when they went off the floor.

Some time later, dancing with one of the other men, Belinda saw Henry and Mr. Hickes talking together at the table. Mr. Hickes was beaming, he had his hand on Henry's shoulder, affectionately. She found, too, that a subtle change had come over the party. A genial warmth seemed to spread over the table.

She knew what had happened when Henry cut a dance short to take her into the lounge. Mr. Hickes had let it be known that he approved of her! Henry, carrying their glasses, led her to a settee in a secluded corner and with, for him, an unnatural haste began to kiss her.

"You're the loveliest girl here," he said.

Was that, was even that, an echo of Mr. Hickes' words? She wondered. Then she caught the light of unusual determination in Henry's eyes, the gay bubble burst and, soberly, she realised what he was about to do, and her mind recoiled, shrinking away from it.

"Belinda," he said, "you know what all this has been leading up to, don't you?"

Oh no, she thought, you mean't. Not to-night. Not in this cold-blooded way, first having got another man's approval.

"Henry, do you mind if I go now?" she asked swiftly. "I mean — my headache's come back, and I've met Mr. Hickes, and, anyway, it's a very boring party, isn't it? Will you come with me while I get my coat?"

"You mean—you're going—now?" Henry stammered.

He followed her through the lounge, looking ruffled, not quite believing, even when she left him at the door of the cloakroom.

She was forcing him into an awkwardness that was anathema to him. But now the illusion and the excitement had gone, and all her gaiety and warmth with it, she could not face another moment of his company or the company of Mr. Hickes and his slavish dependents. And in that coldness she saw on Henry's face a preview of what he would be when old—that puzzled, but still courteous, expression of a man looking upon a world he would never understand.

"No—it's better if I go home by myself," she told him. "You go back and tell them how sorry I am—"

This is what the dress has done for you, she thought, sitting in the taxi. It has made you feel cold and disillusioned like a woman of the world, and you have seen Henry with a woman's eyes. There will never be any magic or glamour for you, again.

But, as she let herself into the house and walked towards the stairs, she suddenly recalled Henry's shocked and bewildered face when she told him she was bored with the party, and the hubbub feeling started again inside her.

She began to laugh softly and she sat down on the stairs, thinking that all Henry's diplomatic circumspection would not be able to explain in his letter home how she had triumphed with Mr. Hickes and then flung her triumph out of the window.

A door opened, throwing a flood of light over her. Larry Colbrook leaned against the door-jamb.

"You enjoyed the party," he said.

"It was wonderful."

He nodded slowly. "That's why you left early—and alone."

"M'm. Like Cinderella. I didn't want to spoil it."

"Come in and let me see you," Gertrude called from the room.

"You look almost radiant," Gertrude said. She turned the knob of the wireless, catching the soft cadence of a saxophone. Larry took Belinda in his arms and they moved together into the hall.

"I could be changed in five minutes," he whispered. "I know a decent enough club..."

"Yes," she breathed. But he was in no haste to release her. As they circled the hall, she was vaguely aware of the doorbell's ringing, of Gertrude's going to answer it.

She let her head fall against Larry's cheek and she was floating on a cloud when she saw Henry with Gertrude.

Henry said, "Hallo, Colbrook!" He looked, not hurt, but surprised and baffled. He said to Belinda: "I came as soon as I could get away. I wondered if you were all right."

"I'm all right," Belinda said.

"Well, I'll go back now," Henry muttered, and hesitated. "Pity you didn't come to the party to-night, Colbrook."

When he had gone, Belinda turned to Larry in bewilderment. "You know Henry—you were invited to Mr. Hickes' party?"

Larry nodded. "Hickes is my chief, too."

"You work in Whitehall?"

"No. I'm just back from abroad. They've got me studying some new languages. They're sending me out to South America."

Belinda started to laugh then.

"What's so funny about it?" Gertrude asked.

"Belinda is," he said. Belinda and Henry. They were both so afraid that she wouldn't do for a diplomat's wife, and the funny thing is, a needed was a little touch of scarlet. She will be perfect for the part!"

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Travel appeals to tennis stars

U.S. players compare audiences in England, America, and Australia

When American women tennis stars Louise Brough and Doris Hart arrived here from America, they were intent on practising two things—their tennis and the pronunciation of "Australia."

Rain prevented them from playing tennis for 24 hours, but they did get in some practice on the "Australia."

"WHEN I was here last year I couldn't seem to get round that name without giving the first syllable a long 'aw' sound," Doris Hart told me.

"People would tell me the usual pronunciation was an 'os' for that first syllable. I'd get on the radio or give a talk some place determined to bring out that 'os,' but somehow I'd come out with the 'aw.'"

"Os, os, Ostralia," chanted Louise Brough during this conversation.

Louise and Doris are here to compete in Australian tennis championships. They are ranked Nos. 2 and 3 respectively among U.S. women tennis players, although Louise has number one world ranking in England, where she won the world's women's singles championship last year at Wimbledon.

Margaret du Pont is first-ranking woman player in America.

As far as ash-blonde, soft-voiced Louise is concerned, there's no place quite like Wimbledon.

"I always play my best there, because I love the atmosphere, the courts, and the spectators, who seem to understand tennis so well," she said.

"Doris tells me Australian crowds are very good, too, but I have played before crowds, particularly on the east coast of America, who didn't seem to be tennis lovers at all."

The girls said that spectators at the famous Forest Hills courts in New York are just like a baseball crowd.

"They yell and hiss, and, of course,

booing the linesman is part of the day's work," said Doris.

"They've gotten a little more vocal in England, too," said Louise.

"Especially when Gussie Moran wears her lace panties!"

Louise said that when she and Margaret du Pont went on to the court at Wimbledon last year to play a doubles match with Gussie and her partner, they wondered just how they would concentrate if Gussie wore her lace panties.

"We hoped she wouldn't, but she did, and the crowd 'oohed' each time she dived for the ball," Louise told me.

"I couldn't keep my mind on the game for about the first four games, and Margaret even got to be self-conscious about the lace on the hankie in her pocket."

Twenty-four-year-old Doris, who comes from Florida and first saw tennis from her hospital window, when she was crippled with paralysis as a child, likes playing tennis, and tests for only a few weeks in the year.

Louise, a Californian, is 26, and first started playing tennis when she was 12, because she thought it would help her to get acquainted with her schoolmates at the Beverly Hills school, where she was a new pupil.

Before long, she could beat other girls of her age, and then the mother of a girl who was taking tennis lessons talked Mrs. Brough into allowing Louise to have lessons also.

She won her first tournament when she was 14.

"My family likes me to play tennis, and I like it because it allows me to travel and meet people," she said.

Although Louise wears a lovely solitaire diamond ring on her right hand she, like Doris, has no romantic tie-up.



"We like variety," declared Louise. "We're still looking, you mean," pointed out Doris.

Doris maintains a steady correspondence with the Australian women tennis players she met last year, and thinks Thelma Long the most interesting letter writer she knows.

LOUISE BROUGH, who won world women's singles championship at Wimbledon last year, and who is now in Australia. She was beaten for U.S. title by Margaret du Pont.



DORIS HART, ranked No. 3 among American women tennis players, is now making her second visit to Australia.

Two of my boys have worn this 8 year old suit . . . but Velvet has kept it like NEW

says Mrs. E. Wainwright, 179 Denison Road, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.
(original letter on our files)

"Do you like Keith's little cream and fawn suit, Aunt Jenny? It doesn't look 8 years old, does it?" asks Mrs. Wainwright. "It was handed down to Keith from his brother Allan. With no hard rubbing needed, Velvet has certainly kept its colours bright as new."

"My advice to anyone with a family is to use nothing but Velvet," said this charming mother of seven when Aunt Jenny visited her. Mrs. Wainwright was really enthusiastic about the way Velvet's gentle suds keep her family's clothes strong and new-looking.

Pure, mild VELVET is so kind to your hands — so gentle to your clothes Here's why clothes last longer

"See how white and fluffy Velvet has kept baby Jeanette's shawl," says Mrs. Wainwright. "Do you know, Jeanette has napkins 8 years old that once belonged to Allan. Yes, as a mother of a large family I know the real value of Velvet."



"Here's a suppercloth I worked for the Easter Show," says Mrs. Wainwright proudly. "It won 2nd prize. And Velvet's suds have kept the colours as bright as when they were first worked."

FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new wash after wash because no hard rubbing is needed, yet not a trace of dirt is left behind. Velvet's extra soap suds are kind to the most delicate skin and gentle to your clothes too!

FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—seen under a magnifying glass—look frayed and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with cheap, inferior lather. And look how their weary, wilted suds leave dirt ingrained in the weave.



Tune in every morning Mon. to Thurs. "Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"

V.371.63VVW

Page 21



by MARTIN WISDOM

MAN OF TOMORROW

The Company has just bought me a new car. When I drove up to the office in it, young Jim Hastie was by the door with a young friend of his. Jim is 16, our newest employee.

Both of them eyed the shiny car and Jim said with a grin, "What do I have to do to get one of those, Mr. Wisdom?" I answered, "You're on your way to getting one right now, Jim—and much more important things, too. You're in insurance—a streamlined, modern business that offers every youngster a clear road straight to the top."

Jim's friend put in, "Is it hard to get into insurance?" and I laughed, "Not a bit. If you have intelligence you can start right away in pretty well any fire, accident and marine office. If you've ambition, you can build it into a secure, well paid and fascinating career."

Jim's pal starts with us next week. He's one of the sensible lads who's looking to the future, and in insurance he'll have a future.

Martin Wisdom

Insurance Investigator
Insured by the Member Companies of the Fire, Accident and Marine Underwriters' Association of Australia.

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Lea & Perrins
SAUCE

The Economy Sauce

Use only a few drops at a time.

Matured like old wine which imparts

its secret flavour.



By HILDA TERRY
Two's Company



MY UNCLE GAVE ME TWO TICKETS TO THE SHOW TONIGHT AND BUSJUICE SAID HE'D GO WITH ME!

YOU MEAN YOU ASKED HIM?



LISTEN TO ME, PIPPIE—YOU GET AN ADVANCE ON YOUR ALLOWANCE AND GET ANOTHER TICKET... THEN ASK HAMILTON TO GO, TOO

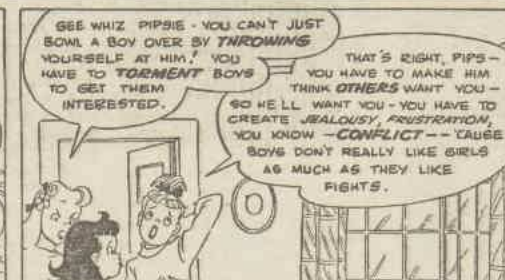
BUSJUICE LL FIGHT WITH HAMILTON OVER ANYTHING! IF YOU'RE WITH THE TWO OF THEM, WE'LL FIGHT OVER YOU!



RIGHT THIS WAY PLEASE—TWO SEATS IN THE TENTH ROW AND ONE IN THE SIXTEENTH.



HEY! GUESS WHAT!! I'VE GOT A DATE!!



GEE WHIZ, PIPPIE—YOU CAN'T JUST BOWL A BOY OVER BY THROWING YOURSELF AT HIM! YOU HAVE TO TORMENT BOYS TO GET THEM INTERESTED.

THAT'S RIGHT, PIPPIE—YOU HAVE TO MAKE HIM THINK OTHERS WANT YOU—SO HE'LL WANT YOU—YOU HAVE TO CREATE JEALOUSY, FRUSTRATION, YOU KNOW—CONFLICT—'CAUSE BOYS DON'T REALLY LIKE GIRLS AS MUCH AS THEY LIKE FIGHTS.



—SO YOU THINK YOUR TEAM CAN BEAT OURS!! AH, THE DELUSIONS OF YOUTH!

OH—YEAH? WELL I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT THAT!



The celebrated Mrs. Beeton . . .

Continued from page 18

OF manners she observes with quaint understatement: "It is not advisable at any time to take favorite dogs into another lady's drawing-room, for many persons have an absolute dislike to such animals, and besides this, there is always a chance of a breakage of some article occurring through their leaping and bounding here and there, sometimes very much to the fear and annoyance of the hostess . . ."

While of dining she remarks crisply: "It is generally established as a rule not to ask for soup or fish twice, as in so doing, part of the company may be kept waiting too long for the second course, when perhaps a little revenge is taken by LOOKING at the awkward consumer of the second portion . . ."

But it is in writing of such matters as the "Ball Supper Table" and "Bill of Fare for a Picnic of 40 Persons" that Isabella really lets herself go. There, the reader feels, she is happily at home in the largesse of the old Epsom days.

"Four roast fowls, 2 roast ducks, 1 ham, 1 tongue" are among the long list of things "not to be forgotten." She concludes with the warning: "Take 3 corkscrews."

Sam was in the habit of speaking tenderly and truthfully of his young wife as his dear and good master.

Without the brake of her common sense and superior business instincts it is almost certain that the

Beeton financial affairs would have suffered even more than they did.

To put it vulgarly, it was the handsome Bella, with her superior driving force, determination, and tireless energy, who wore the pants in the Beeton household.

In a letter Sam once wrote proudly and generously of her "unerring judgment, sound commonsense, refined tastes."

At this time the 26-year-old author and editor's husband was at the peak of his success. Among Beeton publications were "The Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine," "The Queen," "The Young Englishwoman," "Le Moniteur de la Mode," "The Boy's Own," and "Beeton's Christmas Annual."

The overnight crash of a London bank brought Sam to sudden financial disaster. Never the best of businessmen, Sam further complicated things by a series of unwise business arrangements and lawsuits undertaken without the benefit of Isabella's advice.

She met the crisis by working harder than ever, bringing out her "Englishwoman's Cookery Book," which gave 300 recipes and sold for 1/-, and went ahead with her proposed "Dictionary of Cooking."

Yet despite her efforts, when in 1865, at 28, at the height of her literary power, superb physical well-being, and almost masculine mental

qualities, Isabella died seven days after giving birth to her fourth son, the Beeton's were facing financial ruin.

Isabella's death from puerperal fever (the child was perfectly healthy) brought down a barrage of family abuse on the bewildered widower's head.

He was accused of causing her death by worrying her with financial troubles, allowing her to continue correcting the proofs of her "Dictionary of Cooking" too near her confinement, and letting her travel to London to attend conferences that were too great a strain.

Tormenting himself with remorse, Sam became a pitiable sight. He was declared bankrupt. Isabella had made no will and died intestate. Her two surviving sons were given into the care of an old friend, the kindly Mrs. Browne, editor of the "Englishwoman's Domestic Magazine."

Sam never really recovered from the loss of his dear Isabella. He died twelve years later and was buried beside her.

For an informed and tender account of Mrs. Beeton read "Mrs. Beeton and her Husband," by Nancy Spain, who is Mrs. Beeton's great-niece.

NEW YEAR BRIDES-TO-BE! TROUSSEAU CHEST SPECIAL REPEAT OFFER

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LAY-BY if you wish Deposit £2, balance to be paid in 6 months.

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- 2 Extra large, long-wearing super quality coloured striped bath towels. 30 x 56 inches
- 4 Brightly coloured striped Terry towels. These will give really good service. 44 x 22 ins.
- 2 Large Hand Towels, heavy quality. Coloured stripes. 34 x 18.
- 1 Super quality Pacific Chenille Bath Mat. Delightful shades of Blue, Pink, Green, Lavender.
- 1 Opaque plastic shower curtain, 6ft. drop aft. wide. Complete with plastic rings.
- 2 Large, double bed hatched sheets. Heavy, long wearing quality. 48 x 90.

FREE GIFT FOR YOUR TROUSSEAU: To help fill your box, Goldman's are giving, FREE with every order, a pair of Housewife pillow-cases to match the sheets shown above.

GOLDMAN & CO. PTY. LTD.
Cnr. Market and York Streets, SYDNEY, N.S.W.

Beauty Specialist's Grey Hair Secret

Tells About Simple Remedy to Darken Grey Hair at Home. Sister Hope, a popular beauty specialist of Sydney, recently gave out this advice about grey hair:—"Anyone can use this simple mixture at home, at very little cost, to darken grey, streaked or faded hair and make it soft, lustrous and free of dandruff. Just go to your chemist and ask him for Orlex Compound. He will mix it up for you according to the directions he has. Apply the Orlex mixture to the hair a couple of times a week until the desired shade results. Years of age should fall from the appearance of any grey-haired person using this preparation. It does not discolour the scalp; is not sticky or greasy; does not rub off."

CORNS lift out

Cheer up! Forget that beastly, burning, throbbing corn. Just a drop of Frostal-Ice and pain goes. This better-type anesthetic action works fast! And then your corn will start to wither up—work loose—and you can pick it right out with your fingers—easy and all. Lift out your corns with Frostal-Ice—and wear new shoes—go dancing—anything you like on corn-free, happy feet. Chemists everywhere sell Frostal-Ice.

BUTCH



"The robbers carried off a heavy iron safe which police say is empty, overlooking £17,000 in cash which was in an old shoe box under the safe."

HAZEL



It seems to me...

SOME people say that happiness lies in recognising your limitations. Others (there is usually an opposing statement to every well-worn thought) that it is achieved through continuous endeavour.

What moves me to these lofty generalities is that this month, full of the zeal of the new half-century (and don't let's start that argument again), I'm in the throes of yet another attempt at dressmaking.

At no time do I feel more completely reduced to idiocy than when crouched on the floor over a paper pattern. I could hardly feel more incompetent if asked to find out what was wrong with a carburettor.

Though mostly taking the view that sewing is like singing—better not to try if you can't do it well—every few years I think rebelliously "Why not?" and elbow my way in to the pattern counter.

It must be some years since the last attack, because every pin in the flat was rusty, leading to the horrifying discovery that the best pins are now 2/9 a box.

Certainly the box contains four ounces—and what an ordinary citizen wants with four ounces at once heaven knows—but just fancy, pins at 11/- a pound!

It's a reminder that pins were once so expensive that they gave rise to the term pin-money, and bequests for buying pins were often included in 14th and 15th century wills. At the present rate of progress in sewing and the rising cost of living I'd better include these in my will right away.

TALKING of the high cost of living—and who doesn't?—the steady creep in the price of coffee and suggestions that it will go higher and higher will soon put it into the luxury class.

There's an opportunity for someone to market coffee containers with locks, just as tea-caddies once had locks.

I once read an article by a man which had a profound influence on my coffee-making. He said that the reason most women made poor coffee was because "they were too lousy with the coffee."

Now, having reached a more cynical age, I often wonder if he were in the coffee-selling trade.

BEHIND the story of the girl who won a French title of "Household Pearl of 1950" is a rather sad thought.

The selection was made by the French Green Border Club, which introduces bachelors to prospective brides.

The winner, anonymous by the rules of the club, is 28. She was chosen for skill in tailoring a costume, remodelling a hat, dyeing a skirt, cooking, taking care of a child, and receiving guests graciously.

The sad thought lies in the fact that the lady is 28. While 28 is not exactly senile, the fact is that this pearl of household proficiency has remained undiscovered for 11 marriageable years, and has now resorted to what amounts to a matrimonial agency.

I wonder if the club has any similar award for bachelors, or is being a bachelor considered sufficient qualification in itself?

Such an award, if there were one, could be titled "Best Provider of 1950," with points awarded for lawn-mowing, home carpentry, and skill in repairing leaking taps.

Probably he would be a drug on the market, too.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 21, 1950



Dorothy Drain

AT this time of year, when most family houses you visit have a selection of children's books lying round, it's interesting to check on how the old favorites stand up.

The most enjoyable couple of evenings I've had for a long time were spent in re-reading Charles Kingsley's "The Water Babies."

The wonder with "The Water Babies" is that children enjoy it as much as they do, for it's full of allusions, digs at contemporary theorists (some of them as obscure to me now as they must have been the first time I read it), philomphising, and darts down side-tracks.

But you find, as you read on, that the things which stay in your mind from childhood are inextricably mixed with the stuff that must have passed over your head.

There is a good deal in the account of Professor Pithmillsprts, who said there were no such things as water-babies, which must, to a ten-year-old reader, have been mystifying—but then the old gentleman's name seemed such exquisite humor to a child.

And though I well remembered the description of the handsome silver salmon—the fine, well-bred old gentleman salmon and his lady wife that Tom met on his way down to the sea—I imagine that as a child I didn't get the full force of the salmon's scorn of trout.

"For you must know," says Kingsley, "that no enemies are so bitter against each other as those who are of the same race; and a salmon looks on a trout, as some great folks look on some little folks, as something just too much like himself to be tolerated."

What makes "The Water Babies" such an enduring book, I think, is that, though Kingsley professed to write it for a child, he really wrote it for himself, which is the way the best books are written.

THREE acres in Nova Scotia on the shore near a tuna fishing ground are the headquarters of a club for tuna fishermen. Its owner, a Washington big game sportsman, drew up the rules for the club, which bans women from the area.

One of the most annoying things about men

Is that nothing makes them happier than now and then

To have exclusive male company, whereas the gals

Always brighten when a man appears—especially if he brings his pals;

And I fancy that Adam would have been just as happy without Eve, perhaps more,

Hunting and fishing and stepping over his pyjamas left in a heap on the floor,

Whereas Eve, had she arrived in Eden first and been left on her own

Would still have been doing up her face for the thousandth time and listening for the phone.



Replace those natural oils which sun, wind and water dry from your scalp...

Your hair gets hungry in this climate. Hungry, dull and brittle if you don't watch out! Just a few drops of "Vaseline" Hair Tonic every morning supplements the natural scalp oils and guards against dry scalp and lifeless "HUNGRY HAIR".

"Vaseline" Hair Tonic helps clear away loose dandruff and leaves your hair well-groomed, attractive and protected all day. Give your hair the special care. Ask for "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. Your hair looks better, your scalp feels better.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK

Double care—both Scalp and Hair

"Vaseline" is the Registered Trade Mark of the
Chesebrough Mfg. Co. Can'd.



HT6

HAPPY LIVING

can be Yours!

What do you need to make you happier? Holidays where you can enjoy yourself in fresh air and sunshine? Some means of transport to make your week-ends brighter? Little extras for the house? More attractive clothes? A home of your own? Comforts and security now and for your later years? The money to provide your children with a good education and a start in life?

All these and many other aids to happy living can be yours if you get into the habit of saving something every week.

The Commonwealth Savings Bank offers you every opportunity and encouragement to save. It has 420 Branches and 4,200 Agencies throughout Australia. At any one of these you may open an account.

Saving is not only a means to an end: it is a source of continual pleasure. Help yourself to happiness by saving regularly with an account in the



COMMONWEALTH Savings BANK

SAVE SOMETHING EVERY PAY DAY...

From one end of Australia to the other
you can now see the

NEW PRESIDENT REFRIGERATOR

GAS, ELECTRIC AND REVOLUTIONARY KEROSENE MODELS

★ Costs less
to run!

★ Always gives absolutely
silent operation!



Check these 7 President features

1. **New Cabinet Design** is simple and dignified. Streamlining gives your kitchen a beautiful modern look. Total of 6 cubic feet of storage space and almost 12 square feet of shelf space.

2. **New Shelves — Real Accessibility:** New design allows you to store food quicker . . . Shelves are easiest to clean. A special shelf is provided to take 6 of the tallest bottles.

3. **New Interior Light:** Is fitted in all models for use where electricity is available.

New President is the first Motorless Refrigerator in Australia to have an Interior Light fitting.

4. **Moist Cold Drawer:** Armor-plate glass shelf covers this lightweight drawer which gives you special moist cold refrigeration. Allows meats, salads, to hold their vitamin content.

5. **Thermostat Control Dial:** 9 settings provide every degree of refrigeration to suit all climates (on Gas and Electric models).

6. **Big Ice Cream Freezer:** More than enough for the average family's needs, or 45 ice cubes.

7. **Concealed Storage Bin:** Convenient non-refrigerated space for surplus vegetables. Scientifically balanced door. Opens easier.

Price of the new 1950 President is

£99/10/- (SYDNEY)

Freight additional to country and interstate areas.
Easy terms everywhere.

NOW! President offer a new de luxe sealed unit Refrigerator, too!

- With President's Hermetically-sealed "Power-saver" unit.
- Same-size cabinet but an extra 2 cubic feet—8 cubic feet in all!
- With ALL the new improvements—PLUS 6 spacious door racks and a crisper dish.

Place your order NOW!



£139/10/- (Sydney)
Freight additional
to Country and
Interstate.

Date With Danger

Continued from page 5

I KNEW her then. She was Henry's script girl. Her thin face made her eyes big. Her smile was more polite than friendly.

"I don't know," she shrugged. "They took him to his dressing-room, and Henry quit for the day. It isn't that. Something else."

"My muscular charm?" "Hardly." She put an inflection on it that I didn't like. And she gave me a sideways glance that held a speck of loathing. I didn't like that either. I rattled my glass and beckoned the bartender. "Maybe you were just thirsty."

She waited till she had the drink, but merely sipped it. She said, "R.E. wants to see you."

I knew the initials. Everybody in the picture business knew them. But she annoyed me. "Who?" I asked.

"Rupert E. St. Clair." "Wants to see me? Why?" "A job." She shrugged, looking away. "Some sort of bump."

"Look," I said, swinging around on the stool so I faced her. "Rupert St. Clair has six phones on his desk. I've counted them. Don't tell me none of them work!"

"He didn't have this number." "Try another. He has plenty of hired help. He wouldn't need to borrow Henry's script girl to hunt me up."

She looked into her glass, and sighed. "I may work for Henry, but I'm related to R.E. I'm his niece, Martina Kerwan."

"How'd he know I was free?"

She made no bones about that. She said, "I phoned him. Right after you left the set. He told me to find you. R.E. gives orders, he doesn't explain them."

"He'd have made a great lieutenant." I was thinking it over. Rupert E. St. Clair was Trans-Hemisphere's top director. He never made a picture that cost less than a major invasion.

I was out of a job, but I stalled, hoping to get a better line on the proposition. "What do they call that opus he's making? 'The North-easter'?"

"In technicolor." "Trust R.E.," I said, and laughed. "So he's coloring wind now. That's all Hollywood needed. It must be my paintbox he wants."

Miss Kerwan tilted her head back, and smoothly cupped her glass. She set it down with a smack.

"I'm just the messenger, Mr. Driscoll. R.E.'s at home. He wants to see you there. You can follow me out to the house, or you can stay here and be funny to the bartender. He has to listen." She whirled, and dropped off the stool.

I let her get halfway to the door. "He has to be paid for your drink, too."

She was still mad, and fumbling in her purse, when I tossed a bill on the bar. I went over and held the door for her. I didn't want to needle her too much. Maybe Rupert E. St. Clair liked my stunt work so much that whenever he thought of a bump he sent for me. Maybe.

Martina Kerwan drove off in her own car, and I sent the roadster after her.

St. Clair lived in Beverly Hills, in among those big homes that look like movie sets because you never see anybody go in or come out of them. His was one of the biggest, a white-pillared job with a lot of lawn.

The girl had a key, and let us into an entrance hall about as friendly as a movie lobby. It was all in white except for the massive stone stairway at the rear. That was sea-blue and looked slippery. But Martina Kerwan didn't try to climb it. She turned right, and led me into a living-room.

Living-room wasn't the right word, but I didn't know what was. The place was big enough for a ballroom.

It was filled with polished mahogany furniture that looked antique. One wall was all French windows. The others were papered in a sort of white lattice, twined with huge vines, and roses the size of cabages. Red roses. There were three or four murky oil paintings.

All the room needed was a velvet rope stretched between brass stanchions, and a sign that told what hours the museum was open.

About half a mile down the green rug Rupert E. St. Clair sat behind a desk that would dwarf a pool table. He let us come all the way. He looked us over as we came, but he didn't say anything.

It was the old producer trick of letting the visitor start the talking. It made me feel right at home. But he'd sent for me, and I wasn't going to give till he did.

Martina Kerwan recognised the technique, too. She sighed, and said, "Here he is, R.E."

St. Clair nodded, and pointed to chairs. We sat down. I folded my arms and grinned at him. After a moment he smiled back.

"A long time, Bus."

"A long time, R.E. Not that you've changed any."

He hadn't changed at all. He was impeccably dressed, as usual, in an expensive dark suit. His vest was edged with white. It was his trademark in a town which featured informal clothes, and it was as famous as De Mille's bathtub scenes.

St. Clair was a big man with a tan, smooth face and a high, bald head.

"Let me see," he said, frowning. "You worked on my 'Genchis Khan,' and we had a slight difference of opinion."

He hadn't forgotten why, and neither had I. He'd wanted to use a Flying-W, which is an illegal way of rigging a rope to a horse's front legs so that the rider can make it tumble whenever he wants by jerking on the rope's end. I'd been the rider.

I said, "Slight. I took that fall four times before you got the shot you wanted. It didn't help the horses, either."

St. Clair's voice was cold, but satisfied: "Yes, Bus. But I got the shot I wanted." He paused, trying to fence me into answering. I outwaited him. "You seem inclined toward differences of opinion. Like to-day."

Shrugging, I touched my lip, and glanced over at Martina Kerwan. She was sitting primly, feet together, watching her uncle. I found it hard to believe that St. Clair was anybody's uncle. I said, "Gray asked for it, R.E."

"Perhaps," said St. Clair. "But that won't help you. You're in wrong, Bus. There's a black mark against you. You won't work often unless something takes the bad taste out of the studio's mouth. You know that."

I knew it. I bluffed: "There're other jobs."

St. Clair smiled. He said, "Let's not waste time, Bus. I can fix up what happened to-day—if you'll do a stunt for me."

He was giving me the frank, open routine, and it made me even more suspicious. I said slowly, "It must be quite a bump."

"It is."

St. Clair pushed back his chair and stood up. He walked around the desk, and leaned on it, looking down at me. "And it's for to-night, Bus."

"To-night?"

"I'm all set up, Bus. We're on location up the coast. The plot of the picture is no concern of yours. The stunt is. When Marty phoned about your trouble I saw a chance to give you a break."

"The bump," I said impatiently.

Please turn to page 28

WORTH Reporting

THERE'S a frock shop in Sydney where it's OK to be OS or even large enough for the size label to carry six X's, with a 60in. bust. Outsize ladies are the only customers catered for.

Dapper, moustached Leslie N. Miller, who's been in the garment trade for half of his 32 years, was having morning coffee last year with a man whose mother, like his own, was a lady of considerable bulk. Their mothers-in-law were no light-weights either.

Then and there the boys decided that their future lay in making and selling clothes to big women.

After six months spent perfecting improvements on the standard larger pattern, the boys opened shop. Almost from the word go, business was good. The salon (the only one of its kind, the owners think) now has several 20in. interstate customers with 64in. busts and requiring a 24in. sleeve.

"Larger ladies appreciate privacy and a happy atmosphere," we were told. "They've been insulted by moody assistants long enough. That's why we have a quiet salon above street level, and a sales organisation turned in putting the client at ease."

Evidently O.S. ladies are more pleasant to deal with than S.W. ones, for the salon has experienced no trouble in getting staff—in the main, they looked to us like W. and S.W. This year it is branching out into lingerie in addition to its evening dresses and day wear.

"Some of the underwear larger ladies are sold would make you cry," one of the partners said in funeral tones. "Nothing but blue and beige. We're going to give our clients undies as pretty as any teenager's, and in pink and peach."

The salon stocks a range of 32 different styles, with eight larger fittings. Any O.S. or plus O.S. lady who can't be suited on her first visit can have a frock made for her in seven days, to a design and cut worked out by Mr. Miller.

R.A.A.F. man star of U.S. gunnery meet

IN the recent gunnery meet of the United States Far Eastern Air Force held at Yokota Air Force Base, Japan, an Australian, Flight-Lieut. John Adams, of Cheltenham, Victoria, proved himself the star, making the highest individual score of the whole meet.

As well he won the trophy for the highest individual score in the section for conventional-engined fighters.

In the bombing detail the accuracy of No. 77 R.A.A.F. Fighter Squadron amazed onlookers. Flight-Lieut. Adams scored 90 per cent. hits. The next day, when pilots fired 12 rockets and were judged on the best eight, he scored seven bulls.

No. 77 Squadron was narrowly beaten into second place by the U.S. 8th Fighter Group.



"You young folks! Where you get the notion that a man who's sixty..."



"You get rid of your colds YOUR way, and I'll get rid of my colds MY way."

She studied 10,000 Australian faces

A LOOK of integrity is the main facial characteristic of Australian women, according to American beauty consultant Marjorie van Brocklehorst, who is now on her way back to the United States after a beauty check-over of 10,000 Australian faces.

She thinks our girls start off being among the prettiest in the world, but rap the knuckles of young marrieds for their apparent indifference to glamor after "they get their man."

Mrs. van Brocklehorst explains that American women are poised and glamor-conscious from their college days, when personality courses, which include a thorough understanding of making the most of their appearance, is a compulsory first-term subject.

She reasons that easy divorce laws in the United States might have a lot to do with the American woman finding it necessary to be always a jump ahead of competitors.

Mrs. van Brocklehorst came to Australia to launch color combinations blended to set off brilliant frocking during the winter.

When the Royal visit didn't eventuate her stay was prolonged to inaugurate charm schools in every capital city, where for a fee of 5/- donated to charity she taught Australian women how to make the most of themselves with home beauty treatments.

"School fees" raised over £2500 for Red Cross and Legacy.

Mrs. Van Brocklehorst is one of five women on the personal staff of a United States beautician's 18,000-strong team of beauty workers.

Roman conquerers had to put out cat

IT has just been discovered that the Romans kept pet cats in Britain 1600 years ago.

The evidence consists of bones discovered at a depth of 12 feet during archaeological excavations in Kent. They have been identified as those of a cat that lived between the years A.D. 300 and A.D. 400.

"There's no doubt that the Romans in ancient Britain put out their cats at night much as we do to-day," says Mr. Grenfield, local amateur archaeologist who made the discovery. "This particular cat had a tragic end. Its home was destroyed by fire and the cat was killed by falling masonry."

News of Mr. Grenfield's find was immediately telephoned to London University's Institute of Archaeology.

Prior to this discovery the earliest record of cats in Britain is a law for their protection made by the Welsh chieftain Howell the Good in A.D. 936.

Royal nurse finished book before dying

THE Misses Tuckwell, of Dulwich, South Australia, are relatives of Miss Kate Fox, lifetime nurse in the family of Prince Nicholas, father of the Duchess of Kent.

Miss Fox died late last year, just as she had completed "Memoirs of a Royal Nurse," which will be published soon.

But Kate Fox is already famous. In "The Life Story of Princess Marina" this is one of the many stories told about her.

When young Marina and her sisters went to Russia to spend Christmas in their grandmother's palace, the Princesses bought for Miss Fox, with their own pocket-money, a charming tea service.

However, after the presentation one of them suggested that now with these valuable possessions Miss Fox would be sure "to go away and marry and buy babies of her own."

The girls shed tears over the thought, and Marina "wished they had never put such temptation in her way, and to save themselves they should ask her to return the tea-set."

Of recent years Miss Fox has lived near "Coppins," the home of the Duchess of Kent, and dined there at least once a week. She was a guest at the marriage of Princess Elizabeth and Philip.

During her illness it was the Duchess who arranged for Miss Fox to go into the nearby hospital in which she died.

LONGEST name listed among the 95,000 place names in the new "Cosmopolitan World Atlas" is Lake Charyngogagoggmanghoggogochahungabungamaugg, in the United word meaning: "You fish on your side; I will fish in mine; and nobody fish in the middle."

"Leave it in a hurry," weightlifter says

ONLY heavyweight weight-lifting representative from Australia at last Olympic Games was Ray Magee, a Sydney G.P.O. motor mechanic. Ray, who weighs 19 stone 6 pounds and is 5 feet 11 inches tall, claims that weight-lifting is a sport for both men and women.

"Plenty of women do weight-lifting in Victoria," he said. "The only lift needing sheer strength is the Military Press." He performed it for us then and there in the office corridor.

During this demonstration (which considerably surprised two passing messengers), he kept up the following instructive commentary which we obediently jotted in our notebook:

"Stand straight. No knee bend. At arms length bring the weight straight up without a jerk."

"The Snatch," he added, "and the Clean and Jerk can be done by men not physically strong. With an imaginary bar he gave us what we don't doubt was a magnificent demonstration of these lifts."

Seated, Mr. Magee said that 32½ pounds is the heaviest that he's ever lifted.

"What happens," we asked with mild indignity, "if you've lifted a bar above your head, and it's too heavy to keep holding?"

"If it's coming down," Mr. Magee said. "You leave it in a hurry."

KERBSIDE car sale. A King's Cross resident with a car to sell parked it outside his building early the other Saturday morning, wrote on the windscreen "For Sale" and his address, went back home, had breakfast, read the papers, and sharp at eight-thirty his doorbell rang. By nine o'clock the deal was concluded.

• FOR SANDWICHES
• FOR SAVOURIES
• FOR SUPPERS

Swift

MEAT SPREADS

IN Delightful Varieties

The answer to the busy housewife's prayer—variety, tastiness, nourishment and a favourite with all the family. SWIFT Meat Spreads are so appetising, especially when spread on thickly. They provide the nourishment to keep your family healthy and happy and there is never any doubt that their eyes will shine when the menu.



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Swift products are ALWAYS good

Your Glamour

How to dress with glamourous appeal—
How to dress children attractively—
How to have a gay, inviting home—
with

GILSEAL DYES

For a free price. Ask your chemist. He (the most other chemists throughout Australia, gives his technical advice.

FREE

BUSH WALKING—A Few Simple Rules

Bush walking, a fine outdoor recreation, is rapidly growing in popularity. But for the inexperienced bush-walker there are a few simple rules which must be observed—rules concerning clothing, food, camping gear, first aid, etc., and they are all dealt with in three pages of pictures and story in the January issue of A.M.—Australia's leading monthly magazine.

A.M.

Packed with pictures, features, fiction. Grand value for 1/-. Get your copy today at any newsagent or bookstall.

PRELATES, PEASANTS, DIPLOMATS, CHILDREN ST



BELGIAN PILGRIM Mme. Van Homme walked 900 miles from Brussels to Rome pushing a perambulator to witness Holy Year celebrations, the second time she has made the journey. Holy Year, 1950, marks the twenty-fifth Jubilee of Catholicism.



PRELATES from many different countries made a colorful picture as they followed the Pope in the solemn procession to the Holy Door.



AMERICAN NUNS, 18 sisters of Mother Cabrini's Order, arrived in Rome by air.



DEVOUT GESTURE is made by pilgrim who kisses the foot of statue of St. Peter in Basilica.



TWO PEASANT WOMEN waited among thousands — royalty, diplomats, prelates, children — for Pope's blessing.

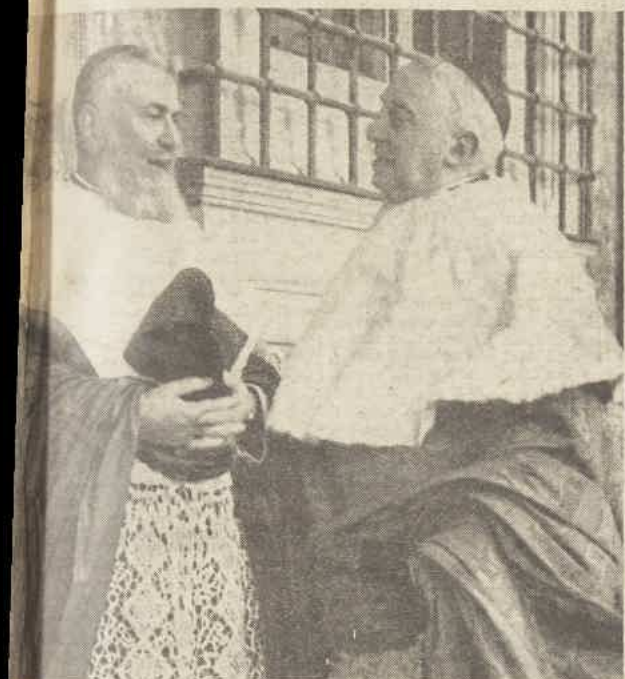


VATICAN GUARD children among many

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 21, 1950

RE IN HOLY YEAR

ll receive the Church's blessing



PAPAL LEGATES,
Cardinals Tisserand
and Mitara, who of-
ficiated at Holy
Door ceremonies in
opening St. Paul's
Basilica and St.
Peter's the Lateran.



DORMITORY, one of many which
provide beds for pilgrims at reason-
able cost, is blessed by a priest.



THE POPE, in white silk and gold robes and diamond-
studded mitre, is carried in throne to Holy Door
opening ceremony which inaugurates Holy Year.



ay another splendid sight for two
scenes of pageantry at the Basilica.



ROME CLERGY march across St. Peter's Square to the Basilica. Thousands unable to see
the actual ceremony watched the colorful processions and listened to a gendarmes' band.



PRIESTS from Ethiopian Catholic College
in Rome took part in Holy Door ceremony.

Date With Danger

Continued from page 24

ST. CLAIR smiled again. "Simple," he said. "We've a sea sled with a powerful inboard motor. You crash it into another boat at high speed. The sled sinks. That's all there is to it."

"Who picks me up?"

"Oh, yes. You climb aboard the boat you hit. You crash, come up, swim over, and climb on to the other ship."

"Which now has a hole in its side."

St. Clair shrugged. "We'll have you off it before it sinks."

I looked at the girl. She gave me the blank, politely interested expression of somebody listening to a dull anecdote. To cover my thinking, I said, "That's a waste of a lot of shipbuilding. Didn't you ever hear of miniatures, R.E.?"

"St. Clair?" asked St. Clair.

That answered my question. He wanted it real, with me on the sea sled, and getting punched into the drink and climbing out to prove it was real. It was quite a bump, all right. Hitting that water would be like hitting concrete. Only colder.

"That will cost you money, R.E."

"How much?"

"A couple of grand."

I made it big on purpose. I wanted to find out if it was me he wanted, or anybody brainless enough to make a living at bumps.

"Two thousand," St. Clair narrowed his eyes. "Gray must have hit you too hard."

I stood up. "Get another boy."

Martina Kerwan let her breath out audibly.

St. Clair said, "I won't haggle. Two thousand it is."

That caught me well off second base with my mouth open. I had a feeling that a trap had snapped. I tried to keep the discussion going: "And the usual contract, of course. Four thousand to my heirs if anything goes wrong. I didn't have any heirs, but that was the customary agreement for a dangerous bump. And a decent funeral."

"What can go wrong?"

"On water? At night? Anything! You remember the Cassandra, don't you?"

Nobody in pictures likes to be reminded how the Cassandra sank. They lost some lives on that one. St. Clair frowned, but didn't rise to my bait. "Not getting hurt is your business."

Martina Kerwan rose so hastily she dropped her handbag. Watching her cross to the desk, I wondered if maybe they'd already killed somebody trying the stunt.

The girl gave me the contract. It was the usual form, and she'd inked in my name, and the price. The fountain pen shook a little when she held it out to me. I signed.

St. Clair signed a copy for me as if it were a peace treaty.

"All right," he said. "Marty, you'll drive bus up there. Catch a bite to eat on the way." He looked at me. "Get there on time. I want to shoot as soon as the moon's up."

The girl said, "What about fog?"

"Taken care of," said St. Clair. "Weather reports a clear, moonlit night. You'll find your outfit waiting for you, Bus."

He was already at the phone, waving us away with the handset as he dialled. "Beat it. I'm busy."

I followed Martina Kerwan out into the hall. I was certain I was being dealt cards from a stacked pack, but I'd learned all I was going to, from R.E.

We both got into my roadster. I drove. All the way out in the home-going traffic neither of us said a word. When we swung on to the coast highway, heading north, I took a long look at the Pacific. It stretched like a huge, unironed, blue tablecloth, rumpled and wrinkled, but too big for any motion except where you could see the surf.

The girl looked at me, and smiled.

"We'd better eat soon," she said.

"There isn't much choice at the other end."

We had dinner at a restaurant on the end of a pier that jutted far out into the ocean. We drank cocktails, and gazed at the horizon. The sun was red going down, and water and sky were both streaked with serpentine clouds. The clouds looked as if some child had been recklessly

squirting an enormous tube of pink toothpaste. There was little surf. Just enough to make a pleasant murmur.

Martina Kerwan nodded her approval. She said, "Yes."

"Unanimous," I agreed. I set out to soften her shell. "Your uncle was right, too. There'll be no fog to-night."

The pleasure went out of her face, and she gripped her glass too tightly. She spoke in a low, bitter voice: "R.E.'s always right."

There was no mistaking her feeling, and I didn't try to pretend I'd missed it. "If you feel that way, why do you stay around him?"

"I live there. I always have."

"Well," I said, "it is a living." I wasn't throwing stones. It's a hard job to walk away from a home. And if the home includes a swimming-pool, maid service, and several million dollars, it's even harder.

Martina Kerwan's voice was defensive: "It isn't just the money, or position. R.E. was mother's brother. I never knew my father. R.E. brought us out here before I could walk. He spent a fortune on me."

MARTINA shrugged wearily. "Dancing teachers. Voice teachers. From the time I was two until I was ten. He was planning to discover me. I was going to be a child star."

"And you didn't make it?"

"No. I'm R.E.'s one failure. The hidden flop that nobody knows about. They were ready to unveil me when along came a child star who could really act. I photographed like her carbon copy—without the voice. I outgrew the likeness, but it wrecked R.E.'s plans. He sent me away to school."

"A failure at ten."

"Exactly," Martina chuckled; her grin was small-boyish. "But I liked the school. It was more fun than the grind I'd been on. I came home just before mother died. A couple of years ago I started working around the studio."

"All right," I said. "What's the angle on this bump?"

She twined her fingers together.

"I don't know, Bus."

"Then why are you scared?"

Martina didn't deny being scared. She bit her lip. She said, "Usually I don't work for R.E. He only seems to call me in on something special."

"Like me?" I was being funny.

"Like you." She looked at me.

She meant it. "I think maybe I get called in when he wants something kept in the family. Like the last time I brought someone to see him. That was when he rigged the doublecross that tossed old Abe out of the presidency of Trans-H. Abe grows avocados out in the valley now."

"You fetched Abe?"

"Yes." The thin face twisted in a grimace. "I was the messenger. That deal made me start thinking. I checked back on some of the others I've brought to see R.E."

"And?"

"Trouble." She seemed to force the word out. "For each of them. Abe's happened fast enough for me to notice. But the others just took more time for the same result."

"For instance?"

"An actress pushed off the wagon to play an alcoholic. A war hero promised stardom for some technical knowledge, and bounced out later. A drive-in waitress framed to get Doyle Gray out of a jam."

I did some thinking. "Maybe he's out to break my neck for pasting Gray. Gray's a valuable property."

"No." She shook her head. "That's too small, Bus. He never deals me in on anything little."

Martina paused, looked out to sea, then back at me. "Do you gamble, Bus?"

I shook my head. "I'm not in that class. I'm just a bumper."

"We don't know!" She slapped the table hard enough to make the silverware jump. "You said yourself the deal was funny! And I'm his kiss of death. R.E.'s stormy petrel. Maybe I bring you trouble, too."

KNOWING. Marty

was on my side. I felt better. I said, "I'll watch out, Marty. I know my business. There isn't much he can pull."

"One thing," she said. "I didn't phone him about your knocking Gray out. He told me to say that. He called me."

That was as far as I got. She'd underlined my suspicions, but there was still nothing I could put a finger on. I was definitely small potatoes to Rupert E. St. Clair. I'd never done anything to him, and he didn't need any elaborate razzle-dazzle to fix my wagon. I put the whole thing aside and ate my dinner.

It was dark by the time we reached St. Clair's location.

One of St. Clair's flunkies hurried up as I parked the roadster. His moustache was as indignant as his voice. "Mr. St. Clair's been waiting for you!"

I got out and took a look around. It was a nice night for shooting. The sea was like black glass, full of reflections, but the moon made everything bright and clear. Offshore a way St. Clair's yacht was rimmed with lights. Farther south I could see another big ship. I guessed there were cameras on both of these.

While I watched, the beam of a powerful searchlight shot out from St. Clair's yacht, prodded at the dark water, and settled on a small white sloop. The sloop was outside the peninsula's bay, bobbing on a sea anchor. Figures slipped over its side, and a power launch churned away from it. The sloop was obviously my mark.

There were other launches alongside a brand-new dock and, when Martina insisted, the flunky herded her into one. She squeezed my arm before she climbed down the ladder. "Be careful, Bus."

"Don't worry," I said.

I watched her face grow smaller and smaller as the launch pulled away. Then I went to work.

I changed into costume — white ducks and a T shirt. Taking my time, I went over the sea sled with a fine-tooth comb. It was a nice, new job, mahogany-colored.

Please turn to page 29

Do you know? TEETH NEVER DECAY HERE!

TOOTHPICK WORTH WEIGHT IN GOLD!

A CALIPH'S WIFE IN BAGHDAD, USED A GOLDEN TOOTHPICK STUDDED WITH PEARLS. TODAY KOLYNOS LEAVES YOUR TEETH SHINING CLEAN, SPARKLING WITH NEW BEAUTY.



ON A LONELY ISLAND OFF THE WEST INDIES, EVERY INHABITANT HAS PERFECT TEETH — BECAUSE THEY EAT ONLY ONE SORT OF FOOD AT A TIME. ONLY KOLYNOS FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY THESE THREE WAYS:

- 1 KOLYNOS NEUTRALIZES MOUTH ACIDS
- 2 KOLYNOS KILLS THE BACTERIA (ENZYMES) WHICH PRODUCE THESE ACIDS.
- 3 KOLYNOS BUBBLES LEAVE TEETH SURGICALLY CLEAN.

TASTERS turn tables!

MANY TEA AND COFFEE TASTERS NOW USE A ROTATING TABLE. YOU'LL LOVE THE REFRESHING TASTE OF KOLYNOS — SO COOL AND MINTY. AND THAT REFRESHED FEELING LASTS FOR HOURS.

Like MONEY in the BANK!

ONE TUBE OF KOLYNOS LASTS AS LONG AS TWO TUBES OF ORDINARY TOOTHPASTE. BECAUSE IT IS SO HIGHLY CONCENTRATED — HALF AN INCH IS PLenty.

Xavier Cugat — KOLYNOS FAN

XAVIER CUGAT, FEATURED ARTIST ON COLUMBIA RECORDS ALWAYS USES KOLYNOS.

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

CLEANS BETTER TASTES BETTER LASTS LONGER

Interesting People



MISS WINIFRED DAVENPORT
... electrical engineer

FIRST woman to obtain a mechanical electrical engineering diploma in Queensland is Winifred Davenport. She began eight years ago by becoming apprenticed to a shipping firm, took her degree at Brisbane Technical College, and still works for her original employers as a designer and draftsman for structural and mechanical work. Ambitious to go still higher in her career, she is now studying for associate membership of the Institute of Engineers, Australia.



MR. RAYMOND O'CONNELL
... Adelaide appointment

NEWLY appointed to staff of Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide, as teacher of piano is Melbourne-born Raymond O'Connell. When 16 he won the Associated Board's Scholarship. At the end of three years' tuition at London's Royal College of Music, won Worshipful Company of Musicians' Silver Medal. After serving in R.A.F. won the Queen's Prize for concert pianists. While in England he taught the piano at Harrow, and in 1947 was appointed Professor on the staff of the Royal College of Music. Has an English wife and five-year-old son.



MISS CATHERINE BACK
... geography

ENGLAND will be the first country visited by Catherine Back in her year of travel on a grant from the Carnegie Corporation of America. Formerly a lecturer in geography at Sydney Teachers' College, she will study methods of training geography teachers in Britain, Canada, and the United States. Fond of photography, she intends to take color shots of scenery everywhere she goes. She has already visited Central Australia and China, and likes travelling more than anything else.

Date With Danger

Continued from page 28

THE engine had been put together with the same loving care lavished on a twenty-jewel watch. They'd rigged a contact exploder in the bow, but I'd expected that. I wasn't planning to be on board when the sled hit.

I warmed the engine, listening carefully. It sounded sweet, an even, deep-throated roar. All the controls answered perfectly. All the gauges meant exactly what they said. If you liked sea sleds, this was one you'd be proud to own.

Far as I could make out the bump was as advertised. There was nothing the matter with the sled. I told the flunky, "Okay. Whenever he's ready."

The flunky signalled with a flashlight, and the blinker on the yacht winked back. He said, "Take it out. Mr. St. Clair has a public-address system on board. He'll tell you when to make your run."

I cast off, and churned away from the dock. The wheel was smooth and light under my hands. I loafed the motor, but the black water hissed, slipping past the sled's low gunwales.

Before I swung round in a long turn, I took a look out at the sloop. They'd left it with a sail up, and it was easy to spot. I jockeyed the sled until I had a straight run between the two camera ships. I was all set to go.

I was getting cold, too, and it made me impatient. I eased the motor down, waiting. I heard the tiny blare of the P.A. on St. Clair's yacht, but couldn't make out the words.

"All right, R.E.," I said aloud, and opened the throttle.

With a roar the sea sled began to move under me. It picked up speed fast. By the time we reached the open sea the sled was slamming across the water.

Ahead, the sloop was a dim shape, getting bigger fast. I aimed the sled a little ahead of the sloop's bow, and stared, trying to judge the distance. The gap of water between me and the sloop shrank to an even narrower strip.

The sled's bucking suddenly seemed to change tempo, but I was too close to pay any attention. "Now," I thought, and twisted the wheel to make sure the sled would hit. I turned, and went over the side.

For a split second the surface felt wrong, and then the force and cold of the water nearly stunned me. I dived out of moonlight into blackness, and went down too deep. I couldn't even think enough to use my muscles. The shock of the explosion when the sled hit snapped me out of it.

I came up gasping. And I came up in oil slick. It was all round me, black and thick. It was in my hair and eyes, smothering, wrapping my arms in a slimy blanket. Oil on the water. I knew, with a chill that was colder than the ocean, that St. Clair had pulled his fast one.

Low as I was, I could see the sea sled burning at the bow, sinking fast. There was plenty of light to see by. Already the oil on the surface was lapping up flames, tossing them with incredible speed from swell to swell.

I sucked in breath, and dived. There was one break. The Army taught everybody who went overseas how to swim in that stuff. Burning oil on the water called for special technique.

Underwater. Come up, hard. Splash. Splash up and out away from you. Drive water at the flames, over them. Take a breath, and dive. It was like a nightmare. I drove hard at the surface. I flailed at the water. Trying to remember what I'd been taught.

I gulped air and went back under. I nearly lost the air at the sudden switch from heat to cold. I was getting tired, and I knew it.

Twice more I came up into that burning oil, and each time was worse

than the last. I had no sense of time, and finally none of direction.

When I surfaced in clean water I splashed weakly until I realised that the fire was only on one side. I was out of it. But I was too weak to do much, and if the launch hadn't reached me almost immediately I'd have sunk. For keeps.

The rest of it was a blur. Somebody hauled me out; somebody gave me a drink and a blanket. But I didn't really come to life until they dragged me on to St. Clair's yacht.

I started thinking again. Thinking, and ready to do, murder. I pushed away the men who were helping me and stood up. I swayed plenty, but I was on my feet. Even to myself I sounded strange: "Where's St. Clair?"

Martina Kerwan was suddenly in front of me.

"Where is he, Marty?" I asked her.

"He's gone, Bus."

"Gone," I screamed it, and it was no louder than a whisper. "Gone?" The strength went out of me and I pitched forward at her feet...

I woke up in a cold sweat, from a dream that I was back-swimming under oil slick. It was broad daylight. Martina was sitting beside me. I looked at the water reflection on the cabin ceiling, and remembered. I said, "Get me my clothes, Marty. I've got to see a man."

"No, Bus," she said.

"I've got to know why, Marty."

"I know why, Bus. You broke Doyle Gray's jaw yesterday. He won't work for months."

"But—" I couldn't find the words.

"He owns Gray, Bus. And he was loaning him to Apex next week. For about sixty thousand dollars. R.E. needed the money for his gambling slips."

I chewed that one. "But even if I spoiled his deal—"

"R.E. wanted that money. If he couldn't get it one way, he'd get it another. Using you."

"Me?"

"Insurance, Bus." She gestured toward a porthole. "For that."

I swallowed hard. "You're sure?"

She nodded. "He was so mad it hadn't worked, he talked. You were insured for a nice, fat sum. He'd told you the stunt was too dangerous, but you insisted. You were desperate to get back in the studio's good graces. He took out the policy personally, to settle claims by your heirs."

"I haven't any heirs."

"He knew that," Martina shrugged. "There isn't much he doesn't know." She took a paper out of her handbag. "Here's your cheque. I drove down and got it from the cashier this morning."

I glared at the cheque. "I'll take it to him and make him eat it."

"No, Bus, you can't touch him legally, and any other way you'll end in gaol."

"So he gets off free?"

"Not quite," Suddenly Marty was grinning. "Not quite, Bus. R.E. wanted the shots and the money. He lost both."

"Both?"

"Yes. I told the crew that R.E. wanted me to rush those shots back to the studio, Met R.E.'s niece. His messenger. I got every can of that film, Bus."

I sat up and stared at her.

"You know," said Marty, "somehow every foot of that film got exposed before it was delivered. It's a total loss."

"Marty!"

"Yes," Marty dusted her hands. "I made sure that would be the last errand I ever ran for Uncle Rupert. Any idea where a girl can get a job, Bus?"

"Yeah," I said. "I've got an idea. Get me my clothes. We'd better cash that cheque quick."

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and
Mrs. JACK
DAVEY
agree

"Kellogg's BRAN FLAKES are a new taste sensation!"

YOU'LL AGREE with these two famous wives when you taste these exciting new Kellogg's Bran Flakes.

YOU'LL NOTICE that each honey-brown flake stands up crisp and firm—even after you have added milk!

YOU ENJOY that different flavour in a flash. You'll say you never knew wheat could taste as wonderful as this. That added bran makes as much difference to wheat as batter makes to dry bread.

YOU GET—for the first time—all the nourishing goodness of sun-ripened wheat PLUS the gentle laxative action of bran. Your grocer has these delicious new Kellogg's Bran Flakes now. Serve them to all your family.



The best part of WHEAT with BRAN added!

Kellogg's
BRAN FLAKES
—specially good for children

Pimples and Bad Skin Attacked In 24 Hours

Since the discovery of Nixoderm by an American physician it is no longer necessary for anyone to suffer from ugly, disgusting and disfiguring skin blemishes such as Pimples, Rash, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Acne, Blackheads, Scabies and Red Itches. Don't let a bad skin make you feel inferior and cause you to lose your friends. Clear your skin this new scientific way.

A New Discovery

Nixoderm is an ointment, but different from any ointment you have ever seen or felt. It is a new discovery, and is not greasy but feels almost like a powder when you apply it. It penetrates rapidly into the pores and fights the cause of surface skin blemishes. Nixoderm contains 3 ingredients which fight skin troubles in three ways: 1. It kills and kills the microbes or parasites often responsible for skin disorders. 2. It dries itching, burning and smarting in 2 to 10 minutes, and soothes the skin. 3. It helps nature heal the skin clean, soft and velvety smooth.

Works Fast

Because Nixoderm is scientifically compounded to fight skin troubles, it works fast. It stops the itching, burning and smarting in a few minutes. Day after day, week immediately, clearing and healing your skin, making it softer, whiter and velvety smooth. In just a day or two your

mirror will tell you that here at last is the scientific treatment you have been needing to clear your skin—the treatment to make you look more attractive, to help you win friends. Nixoderm has brought clearer, healthier skin to thousands such as Mr. Bob Woodson, Edmond Street, Fremantle, who writes: "I was troubled with pimples ever since I was 13, and have spent pounds and pounds on so-called cures without result. I then tried Nixoderm with astonishing effect. The pimples seemed to fade away, and after a week there was not the slightest trace of them."

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. Look in the mirror in the morning and you will be amazed at the improvement. Then, just keep on using Nixoderm for one week and at the end of that time it must have made your skin soft, clear, smooth and magnetically attractive—must give you the kind of skin that will make you admired wherever you go, or you simply retain the empty packages and your money will be refunded in full. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day. The guarantee protects you.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-

For Skin Sores, Pimples and Itch.

THE PERFECT HOSTESS

Completely detailed plans for parties. Plans that are practical, easy to follow, and which make entertaining at home a delight are given in "COOKERY FOR PARTIES." The food schemes delight the eye and please the palate, but are definitely not expensive. "COOKERY FOR PARTIES" should be in every home. At all newsagents and bookstalls—2/-.

READ HOW THESE EX-SUFFERERS SUCCESSFULLY FOUGHT
the Racking, Torturing Coughs and Aches of
CATARRH, BRONCHITIS
—Sleep Better Now at Night!
...Feel Better Every Day!

Lantigen 'B,' Dissolved Oral Vaccine, taken like an ordinary medicine at night before retiring, quickly relieves the difficult breathing, sleepless choked-up night of Catarrhal and Bronchial sufferers. Read now how Lantigen

'B,' the world-famous Oral Immunisation treatment, has successfully treated these fellow-Australians, brought them restful sleep, improved their general health, and promoted long-lasting immunity. Read what they say.



**"USED TO FEAR
THE COMING OF NIGHT!"**

Says Mrs. J. V. Pollett, of 10 Goodhope St., Paddington, N.S.W.:

"Seven years ago I lay in bed propped up on pillows, under drugs, trying to get control of my Bronchial Asthma and Catarrh. I spent no less than four months in bed. I used to fear the coming of night because all night long I coughed and coughed. I felt I would die unless I gained relief."

"Lantigen 'B' seemed just what I needed and I bought my first bottle. In three weeks I was up and about again, and I have improved ever since. I am full of energy, where once I was dragged down. I sleep well at night. I have no signs of Catarrh or Bronchitis, and I never have a headache."



**"NIGHT AFTER NIGHT— NOTHING
ELSE BUT COUGH"**

Says father, Mr. J. Kerr, Melville Terrace, Manly, Queensland:

"Before I heard of Lantigen 'B' I tried everything in the chemist's shop to ease my baby son of terrible attacks of Bronchitis, but to no avail. Night after night he would do nothing else but cough, used to go to sleep for about five minutes and then start coughing. This would go on until about three or three-thirty in the morning, and then he would doze off to sleep and sleep until about ten o'clock. But all day long he would be heavy in the eyes and cranky through lack of undisturbed rest. My son has had three bottles of Lantigen, and from the first week of giving it to him he has been a different boy—no wheeze, no cough, only good rest every night."



**"HARSH BRONCHIAL COUGH
DISTURBED MY REST AT NIGHT"**

Says Mr. Bert Hare, of Bligh Street, Wollongong, N.S.W.:

"I suffered a severe attack of Bronchitis and was left with a harsh, racking cough which no amount of treatment would shift. Then my wife bought Lantigen 'B' for me and, believe it or not, the third day from taking the first dose found me absolutely free from the harsh cough which had worried me all through the days and disturbed my rest at nights, and I now enjoy a cough-free life though working with people who suffer from colds, etc. Needless to say, I do not hesitate to recommend to them Lantigen 'B,' and knowing the cough which I suffered, they, too, have taken to Lantigen 'B.' Lantigen 'B' is indeed the deadly enemy of coughs and colds."

ASK YOUR CHEMIST TODAY FOR

Lantigen 'B'

The Dissolved Oral Vaccine—taken just like ordinary medicine for germ-caused CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, BRONCHIAL ASTHMA, SINUS & ANTRUM INFECTIONS, RECURRENT COLDS.

PRODUCT OF EDINBURGH LABORATORIES, SYDNEY.

IMMUNITY PROMOTED!

Lantigen 'B' Brings Prompt Relief

Lantigen 'B' counteracts the effects of the germs which cause Catarrh and Bronchitis because it is a modern, dissolved oral vaccine, prepared by skilled bacteriologists working under medical direction.

Works Through The Bloodstream



Absorbed into the bloodstream through the mucous membranes of the nose, throat and digestive system, Lantigen 'B' stimulates the production of "antibodies."

These antibodies are the system's natural antidotes to the "catarrh" germs. They neutralise the germ poisons and thus relieve inflammation, pain, and congestion. Immunity against further attack is promoted and often lasts for years.

All These Benefits

Breathing eases, sore, stuffed-up noses are freed, tight bronchial congestion soothed, heavy frontal headaches disappear, you sleep through the night without coughing—wake rested and fresh.



No Injections

Just take Lantigen 'B' like an ordinary medicine in a little water at bedtime.

No Drugs

Lantigen 'B' is perfectly safe for young and old. It is guaranteed not to harm the heart nor interfere with other treatments.



Economical

The recommended treatment costs less than 3d. per day. Little, indeed, for the benefits Lantigen 'B' can bring to you.

**Medical Opinion on Oral
Immunisation**

Dr. E. Cronin Lowe reports in the British Medical Journal of February 15, 1936, as follows: "In my experience the oral antigens have been mostly employed for cases of Catarrhal infections, Rheumatic conditions and Catarrhal Enterocolitis. Clinical response has been quite definitely marked."



And the Pickett Thompson Research Laboratories, London, writing in the same Journal, says: "... The advantage of the oral route of administration over the subcutaneous method is obvious."

The statements at left that you have just read are three of the hundreds of unsolicited testimonials received from users of Lantigen 'B'. We hope by printing these letters that you or some Catarrh and Bronchial sufferer that you know may also be freed from the distressing complaint, know the joy of complete freedom from the choking, coughing attacks, enjoy again sound, restful sleep, happy healthy days.

You could not do better than to commence treating your Catarrh or Bronchitis with Lantigen 'B'. It has been proved so very successful by so many people over so many years. Ask your chemist today about Lantigen 'B' Dissolved Oral Vaccine.

SMART YOUNGSTER



MARGO SHERLOCK, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock, of Grosvenor Street, St. Kilda, Vic., is a young lass with pronounced good taste. She shows great interest in clothes, and already chooses those she will wear. Her good judgment is also shown in her liking for Vegemite. Mrs. Sherlock included Vegemite in Margo's diet when she was six months old and says, "She has loved it ever since". Vegemite is recommended for all children—they need its nourishing goodness. Vegemite is richer in vitamins, niacin and riboflavin, it's tastier and costs less.

KVRI

ANACIN STOPS PAIN FASTER



because it's
like a
doctor's
prescription

Anacin is just like a doctor's prescription for headaches, toothaches, neuralgia, colds, influenza, periodical pains, sciatica, lumbago and muscular aches and pains.

Like a doctor's prescription, Anacin Tablets contain not one, but a combination of four medically proven active ingredients. These ingredients combine to bring faster, longer lasting relief—whilst doing away with any undesirable after-effects. Get Anacin today and notice the difference.



ANACIN TABLETS
STOP PAIN FASTER

5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop!

Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you. Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead, every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills, and week—once each night. 3rd week—once every other night. Then—nothing! Every day drink eight glasses of water and a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—January 21, 1950

Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Arrived at the Kingdom of Karana, ruled by **KARA and KARON:** Who are twin sister and brother. The twins fall in love with Mandrake and Narda.

Under the country's law, if one weds, the other goes into exile, so each plans to marry first. Wizard **SAGGO:** Rescues Mandrake from a death oven, then shows him a mysterious parchment scroll. Kara tells her brother she will give up the throne. **NOW READ ON:**



MANDRAKE RUSHES TO THE PRINCE, TO FIND HIM IN DEEP MEDITATION. "I WANT TO MARRY NARDA, BUT I LOVE MY SISTER, KARA, AND CANNOT BEAR TO SEE HER GO INTO EXILE." HE SAYS UNHAPPILY.



"MANDRAKE!" CRIES NARDA, HAPPILY. -- MANDRAKE STRIDES TO THE PRINCESS. "I NOW KNOW A GREAT SECRET WHICH WILL SOLVE ALL YOUR PROBLEMS. BUT FIRST, I WANT TO SETTLE WITH YOU FOR GIVING ME A HOT TIME IN THAT OVEN!" AND WHAM!



"WHAT IS THE GREAT SECRET THAT WILL SOLVE OUR PROBLEMS?" ASKS PRINCE KARON, RUBBING HIS SORE JAW. -- "THE GREAT SECRET IS," SAYS MANDRAKE, "THAT YOU AND KARA ARE NOT TWINS. YOU ARE NOT EVEN RELATED!" -- "TIS THE TRUTH," CACKLES SAGGO, THE COURT WIZARD.



"YEARS AGO," SAYS MANDRAKE, READING FROM THE SCROLL, "THE KING OF KARANA DIED, WITHOUT LEAVING AN HEIR. THE ELDERS DECIDED ON A PLAN TO FIND ONE."



"SECRETLY, THEY COMBED THE COUNTRYSIDE FOR A BOY AND GIRL OF THE SAME AGE, WHO LOOKED ENOUGH ALIKE TO PASS FOR TWINS," CONTINUES MANDRAKE.



"THEY REASONED THAT IT WAS TOO RISKY TO HAVE ONLY ONE HEIR, WHO MIGHT DIE, LEAVING THE COUNTRY AGAIN WITHOUT A RULER. SO KARA AND KARON WERE RAISED AS BROTHER AND SISTER."



"ALSO, THEY MADE THE LAW THAT IF ONE OF YOU MARRIED, THE OTHER WAS TO LOSE THE THRONE, AND GO INTO EXILE. BY THIS, THEY HOPED TO AVERT CIVIL WAR."

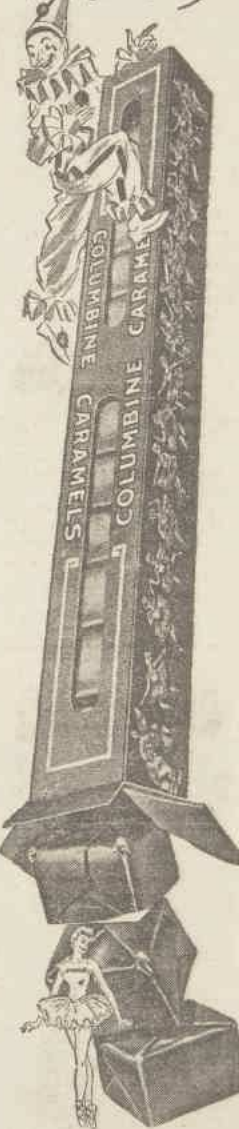


"IT NEVER OCCURRED TO THEM THAT YOU MIGHT BOTH DECIDE TO MARRY AT THE SAME TIME," CONCLUDES MANDRAKE. -- "OR THAT WE MIGHT DISCOVER THE GREAT SECRET, AND MARRY EACH OTHER!" SAYS KARON.



TO BE CONTINUED

"Columbines"
are rich in
glucose
for quick
energy!



COLUMBINES

— the richest
caramels of all!

Like your caramels to be extra rich and creamy? With that true caramel flavour you can't mistake? Then ask for "Columbines"—made by MacRobertson. Each "Columbine" is a delicious, energising and wholesome sweet, rich in glucose, and every piece is wrapped for your protection. Made with milk, creamy butter and pure cane sugar, they give you and your family caramel at its best.

Made by

MacRobertson

The Great Name in Confectionery
CO.

SOPHIA paused, then went on: "Grandfather said: 'If Brenda were to make a mistake and inject eyedrops into me one day instead of insulin, I suspect I should go rather blue in the face and then die, because, you see, my heart isn't very strong.' And Josephine said: 'Ooo, and grandfather went on: 'So we must be careful that Brenda does not give me an injection of esrine instead of insulin, mustn't we?'"

She paused again, then added: "We were all there listening. You see? We all heard!"

I did see. I had some faint idea in my mind that just a little specialised knowledge would have been needed. But now it was borne in upon me that old Leonides had actually supplied the blueprint for his own murder.

I drew a deep breath. Sophia, catching my thought, said: "Yes, it's rather horrible, isn't it?"

"You know, Sophia," I said slowly, "there's one thing does strike me."

"Yes?"

"That you're right, and that it couldn't have been Brenda. She couldn't do it exactly that way—when you'd all listened—when you'd all remember."

"I don't know about that. She is rather dumb in some ways."

"Not as dumb as all that," I said.

"No, it couldn't have been Brenda."

"You don't want it to be Brenda, do you?" she asked.

And what could I say? I couldn't say flatly: "Yes, I hope it is Brenda."

Why couldn't I? Just the feeling that Brenda was all alone on one side, and the concentrated animosity of the powerful Leonides family was arrayed against her on the other side? Chivalry? A feeling for the weaker? For the defenceless?

Nannie came back rather opportunely from the scullery. I don't know whether she sensed a certain strain between myself and Sophia.

She said disapprovingly: "Talking murders and such-like. Forget about it, that's what I say. Leave it to the police. It's their nasty business, not yours."

"Oh, Nannie, don't you realise that someone in this house is a murderer?"

"Nonsense, Miss Sophia. I've no patience with you. Isn't the front door open all the time? All the doors open, nothing locked, asking for thieves and burglars? Anyone could have got in and done it. If you ask me, that's what happened."

With the air of one saying the last word, Nannie disappeared again into the scullery.

Sophia and I laughed, our tension easing.

"Come on, Charles," she said. "Come into the drawing-room. There's a kind of family conclave going on."

"I'd better not butt in, Sophia."

"If you're ever going to marry into the family, you'd better see just what it's like when it has the gloves off."

"What's it all about?"

"Roger's affairs. You seem to have been mixed up in them already. But you're crazy to think that Roger would ever have killed grandfather. Why, Roger adored him."

"I didn't really think Roger had. I thought Clemency might have."

"Only because I put it into your head. But you're wrong there, too. I don't think Clemency will mind a bit if Roger loses all his money. I think she'll actually be rather pleased. She's got a queer kind of passion for not having things. Come on."

When Sophia and I entered the drawing-room, the voices that were speaking stopped abruptly. Everybody looked at us.

They were all there. Philip was sitting in a big crimson brocade armchair between the windows, his

beautiful face set in a cold, stern mask. He looked like a judge about to pronounce sentence.

Roger was astride a big pouff by the fireplace. He had ruffled up his hair between his fingers until it stood up all over his head. His left trouser leg was tucked up and his tie was askew. He looked flushed and argumentative.

Clemency sat beyond him, her slight form seeming too slender for the big stuffed chair. She was looking away from the others and seemed to be studying the wall panels with a dispassionate gaze. Edith sat in a grandfather chair, bolt upright. She was knitting with incredible energy, her lips pressed together.

The most beautiful thing in the room to look at was Magda and Eustace. They looked like a portrait by Gainsborough sitting together on the sofa.

PHILIP frowned as Sophia and I entered the room. "Sophia," he said, "I'm sorry, but we are discussing family matters which are of a private nature."

Miss de Haviland's needles clicked. I prepared to apologise and retreat. Sophia forestalled me, her voice clear and determined.

"Charles and I," she said, "hope to get married. I want Charles to be here."

"And why on earth not?" cried Roger, springing up with explosive energy. "I keep telling you, Philip, there's nothing private about this. The whole world is going to know to-morrow or the day after. Anyway, my dear boy," he came and put a friendly hand on my shoulder, "you know all about it. You were there this morning."

"You were there this morning?" Philip asked me sharply. "Why? Oh, of course—your father—"

He frowned. I realised more clearly than ever that my presence was unwelcome, but Sophia conducted me firmly to a chair.

"You may say what you like," said Miss de Haviland, apparently going on from where they had all left off, "but I do think we ought to respect Aristotle's wishes. When this will business is straightened out, as far as I am concerned, my legacy is entirely at your disposal, Roger."

Roger tugged his hair in a frenzy. "No, Aunt Edith. No!" he cried.

"I wish I could say the same," said Philip, "but one has to take every factor into consideration—"

"Dear old Phil, don't you understand? I'm not going to take a penny from anyone."

"Of course he can't!" snapped Clemency.

"Anyway, Edith," said Magda, "if the will is straightened out, he'll have his own legacy."

"But it can't be straightened out in time, can it?" asked Eustace.

"You don't know anything about it, Eustace," said Philip.

"The boy's absolutely right," cried Roger. "He's put his finger on the spot. Nothing can avert the crash. Nothing!"

"There is really nothing to discuss," said Clemency.

"Anyway," said Roger, "what does it matter?"

"I should have thought it mattered a good deal," said Philip, pressing his lips together.

"No!" said Roger. "No! Does anything matter compared with the fact that father is dead? Father is dead! And we sit here discussing mere money matters!"

A faint color rose in Philip's pale cheeks. "We are only trying to help," he said stiffly.

"I know, Phil, old boy, I know. But there's nothing anyone can do. So let's call it a day."

THERE was a momentary silence, then Philip said, reluctantly: "I suppose I could raise a certain amount of money. Securities have gone down a good deal and some of my capital is tied up in such a way that I can't touch it. Magda's settlement and so on—but—"

Magda said quickly: "Of course you can't raise the money, darling. It would be absurd to try—and not very fair on the children."

"I tell you I'm not asking anyone for anything," shouted Roger.

Edith de Haviland got up and said: "I think we've discussed this enough."

There was in her voice that note of authority that never fails to produce its effect.

Philip and Magda got up. Eustace lounged out of the room.

Roger linked his arm in Philip's and said: "You've been a brick, Phil, even to think of such a thing!" The brothers went out together.

Magda murmured, "Such a fuss!" as she followed them, and Sophia said that she must see about my room.

Edith de Haviland stood rolling up her knitting. She looked towards me and I thought she was going to speak to me. There was something almost like appeal in her glance. However, she changed her mind, sighed, and went out after the others. Clemency had moved over to the window and stood looking out into the garden.

"Thank goodness that's over," she said—and added with distaste: "What a preposterous room this is! I can't breathe in it."

I thought she was unjust to the room. But I knew what she meant.

Nevertheless, I preferred it to Clemency's own abstract expression of herself upstairs. On the whole, I prefer a boudoir to an operating theatre.

Please turn to page 33



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As I studied the room, Clemency continued, "It's just a stage set. A background for Magda to play her scenes against. You realise, don't you, what we've just been doing? Act II—the family conclave. Magda arranged it. It didn't mean a thing. There was nothing to talk about, nothing to discuss. It's all settled—finished."

There was no sadness in her voice. Rather there was satisfaction. She caught my glance.

"Oh, don't you understand?" she said impatiently. "We're free at last! Don't you understand that Roger's been miserable—absolutely miserable—for years? He never had any aptitude for business. He likes things like horses and cows and pottering round in the country." She paused.

"But he adored his father," she went on softly. "They all did. That's what's wrong with this house—too much family. I don't mean that the old man was a tyrant, or preyed upon them, or bullied them. He didn't. He gave them money and freedom. He was devoted to them. And they kept on being devoted to him."

"Is there anything wrong in that?" "I think there is. I think, when your children have grown up, that you should cut away from them, efface yourself, slink away, force them to forget you."

"Force them? That's rather drastic, isn't it? Isn't coercion as bad one way as another?"

"If he hadn't made himself such a personality—"

"You can't make yourself a personality," I said. "He was a personality."

"He was too much of a personality for Roger. Roger worshipped him. He wanted to do everything his father wanted him to do, he wanted to be the kind of son his father wanted. And he couldn't."

I nodded, and she went on: "His father made over Associated Catering to him—it was the old man's particular joy and pride, and Roger tried hard to carry on in his father's footsteps. But he hadn't that kind of ability. In business matters Roger is—yes, I'll say it plainly—a fool. And it nearly broke his heart."

Her voice was almost wistful.

"You thought, you actually suggested to the police, that Roger would have killed his father—for money! You don't know how—how ridiculous that is!"

"I do know it now," I said.

"When Roger knew he couldn't stave it off any more—that the crash was bound to come, he was actually relieved. Yes, he was. He worried about his father's knowing, but not about anything else. He was looking forward to the new life we were going to live."

"Where were you going?" I asked. "To Barbados. A distant cousin of mine died a short time ago, and left me a tiny estate out there—oh, nothing much. But it was somewhere to go. We'd have been desperately poor, but we'd have scratched a living. It costs very little just to live. We'd have been together—unworried, away from them all."

Her eyes half-closed. I was aware of the intensity of her feeling.

"Clemency," I said, "have you any idea at all who did do this? Granting that you and Roger had no bond in it—and really I can't see any reason to think you had—surely, with your intelligence, you must have some idea who did?"

She gave me a rather peculiar look—a darting, sideways glance. "One can only say that Brenda and Laurence are the obvious suspects."

"So you think they did it?"

Clemency shrugged her shoulders. She stood for a moment as though listening, then she went out of the room, passing Edith de Havilland in the doorway.

Edith came straight over to me. "I want to talk to you," she said. "My father's words leant into my mind. Was this—?"

But Edith de Havilland was going

on: "I hope you didn't get the wrong impression. About Philip. I mean, Philip is rather difficult to understand. He may seem to you reserved and cold, but that is not so at all. It's just a manner. He can't help it."

"I really hadn't thought—" I began, but she ignored my interruption.

"Just now—about Roger. It isn't really that he's grudging. He's never been mean about money. And he's really a dear—he's always been a dear—but he needs understanding."

I looked at her with the air, I hope, of one who was willing to understand.

"It's partly, I think, from having been the second of the family," she went on. "There's often something about a second child—they start handicapped. He adored his father, you see. Of course, all the children adored Aristotle and he adored them. But Roger was his special pride and joy. Being the eldest—the first."

"I think Philip felt it. He drew back right into himself. He began to like books and the past and things that were divorced from everyday life. I think he suffered..."

She paused, then went on: "What I really mean, I suppose, is that he's always been jealous of Roger. I think perhaps he doesn't know it himself. But I think the fact that Roger has come a cropper—oh, it seems an odious thing to say and really I'm sure he doesn't realise it himself—but I think perhaps Philip isn't too sorry about it. It distressed me that he didn't offer at once to help his brother."

"Why should he?" I said. "After all, Roger has made a muck of things. He's a grown man. There are no children to consider. If he were ill or in real want, of course his family would help. But I've no doubt Roger would prefer to start afresh entirely on his own."

EDITH DE HAVILLAND nodded briskly. "You're quite right," she said. "It's only Clemency that Roger minds about. And Clemency is an extraordinary creature. She really likes being uncomfortable and having only one utility reasop to drink out of. Modern, I suppose."

She eyed me shrewdly.

"This is a dreadful ordeal for Sophia," she said. "I am so sorry her youth should be dimmed by it. I love them all, you know. Roger and Philip, and now Sophia and Eastace and Josephine. All the dear children. Marcia's children. Yes, I love them dearly."

She paused and then added sharply, "But, mind you, this side idolatry."

She turned abruptly and went. I had the feeling that she had meant something by her last remark that I did not quite understand.

But as I considered it, Sophia's voice said, "Your room's ready."

She came and stood by my side looking out at the garden. It looked bleak and grey now with the half-denned trees swaying in the wind. Sophia echoed my thoughts as she said: "How desolate it looks..."

As we watched, a figure, and then presently another, came through the yew hedge from the rock garden. They both looked grey and unsubstantial in the fading light.

Brenda Leonides was the first. She was wrapped in a grey chin-chilla coat and there was something cat-like and stealthy in the way she moved. She slipped through the twilight with a kind of eerie grace.

As she passed the window I saw her face. There was a half-smile on it, the curving, crooked smile I had noticed upstairs. Following in her wake came a shadowy figure. Laurence Brown, looking slender and shrunken, also slipped through the twilight.

I can only put it that way. They did not seem like two people walking, two people who had been out

Crooked House

Continued from page 32

for a stroll. There was something furtive and unsubstantial about them, like two ghosts.

I wondered if it was under Brenda's or Laurence's foot that a twig had snapped. By a natural association of ideas, I asked: "Where's Josephine?"

"Probably with Eastace up in the schoolroom," Sophia frowned. "I'm worried about Eastace, Charles."

"Why?"

"He's so moody and odd. He's been so different ever since that wretched paralysis. I can't make out what's going on in his mind. Sometimes he seems to hate us all."

"He'll probably grow out of all that. It's just a phase."

"Yes, I suppose so. But I do get worried, Charles. Really, I suppose, because mother and father never worry. They're not like a mother and father."

"That may be all for the best. More children suffer from interference than from non-interference."

"That's true. You know, I never thought about it until I came back from abroad, but they really are a queer couple. Father living determinedly in a world of obscure historical bypaths, and mother having a lovely time creating scenes. She gets bored, you see, and has to try to work up some drama."

"Forget your family, Sophia," I said firmly.

"I shall be only too delighted to, but it's a little difficult at present. But I was happy out in Cairo when I had forgotten them all."

I remembered how Sophia had never mentioned her home or her people.

"Is that why you never talked about them?" I asked. "Because you wanted to forget them?"

"I think so. We've always, all of us, lived too much in one another's pockets. We're—we're all too fond of one another. We're not like some families where they all hate one another like poison. That must be pretty bad, but it's almost worse to live all tangled up in conflicting affections."

She added: "I think that's what I meant when I said we all lived together in a little crooked house. I didn't mean that it was crooked in the dishonest sense. I think what I meant was that we hadn't been able to grow up independent, standing by ourselves, upright. We're all a bit twisted and twisting."

I saw Edith de Havilland's heel grinding a weed into the path as Sophia added: "Like bindweed..."

And then suddenly Magda was with us—flinging open the door—crying out: "Darlings, why don't you have lights on? It's almost dark."

She pressed the switches and the lights sprang up on the walls.

"What an incredible scene it was, wasn't it?" she cried. "How cross Eastace was! He told me he thought it was all positively indecent. How funny boys are!" She sighed.

"Roger's rather a pet. I love him when he rumples his hair and starts knocking things over. Wasn't it sweet of Edith to offer her legacy to him? She really meant it, you know, it wasn't just a gesture. But it was terribly stupid—it might have made Philip think he ought to do it too!"

She flung out her hands in an expressive gesture. "Of course, Edith would do anything for the family! There's something very pathetic in the love of a spinster for her sister's children. Some day I shall play one of those devoted spinster aunts. Inquisitive and obstinate and devoted."

"It must have been hard for her after her sister died," I said, refusing to be side-tracked into discussion of another of Magda's roles. "I mean if she disliked old Leonides so much."

Magda interrupted me. "Disliked him? Nonsense. She was in love with him."

To be continued



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PRIVATE PARKER

spent a sad life spitting on leather-work in a passage, and ironing uniforms with an electric iron that never got really hot.

"Know anything about pigs, Parker?" asked Lieutenant Jason, casually. A good opening gambit, he congratulated himself.

"Funny thing you should ask me that, sir," said Parker, with no more than his usual gloom. "I've just been getting the forms for my people in Cumberland. They plan to fatten one up for Christmas, sir. We're all partial to pork."

"Forms?" said Lieutenant Jason, winking a little. "Do you mean to say . . .?"

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir. Keeping pigs is no simple matter." From his tunic pocket he produced a sheaf of buff paper. "Here you are, sir. First you need to acquire—and peruse—form 44975 stroke 5214 stroke 348 stroke 514100, sir. 'Self supplier of pig scheme.' Part one, declaration by owner."

"But supposing," said the junior subaltern, "that one already has the pig?"

"Oh, you won't get away with that, sir. You can't have the pig. Not without this form. If you don't have this form, you won't ever be able to get the next one, which is 'Licence to Slaughter.' To get the licence to slaughter you must have conformed with all the regulations on this form which I'm telling you about."

Parker began to read the forms out aloud. "Where purchased, date of purchase, etc. See note e. The pig will be regularly fed and tended by me. See note c. Fed means served with food at feeding time. It does not mean sending or bringing food for some other person to feed the pig."

Parker paused to explain. "For instance, sir, it wouldn't be the same thing for you to have a pig, and ask me to feed it for you."

Saving Their Bacon

Continued from page 9

"No, of course not. Of course not," said Lieutenant Jason quickly.

"It's got to be absolutely one of the family," said the junior subaltern. "The great levelling process, as it were . . ."

"Once acquired," Parker read on, "the pig will be regularly inspected. The pig must be kept not less than four months by its owner, once acquired. Form 61864 WT stroke 44936 sets forth the various regulations appertaining together with penalties for any infringement . . ."

"Did you say penalties?" Lieutenant Jason's voice quavered a little. "Yes, sir."

"Oh, well. Thanks a lot, Parker. We were just interested. It's a good thing to know something about some of the various regulations that hem us in, is it not, Parker?"

"Yes, sir." Parker stared after them, scratching his head. "Now what?" he mused, returning to his lukewarm iron.

Back at the mess, the junior subaltern said, "Too complicated, old boy. Far too complicated."

"Yes," agreed Lieutenant Jason. "We've bitten off more than we can chew, old chap. We'll have to take up a meal for the brute to-night, somehow, or it will raise the neighborhood. To-morrow we will get rid of it."

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"But without 'Licence to Slaughter'?"

"Leave it all to me. I'll think of something," said Lieutenant Jason.

He was busy mixing cocoa, bread, porridge, and anything else he could find, in a bucket. They carried it to the garage, where it was enthusiastically received by the pig.

"Now," said Lieutenant Jason, "we must get down to breakfast early, before parade, taking paper bags, and get some scraps for its breakfast."

"You don't suppose anyone will . . .?" said the junior subaltern uneasily.

"Why should they?" said Lieutenant Jason. "All we have to do now is keep our heads, and get rid of it quietly, some time to-morrow after lunch. It means I'll have to give up the Cottars' picnic and I promised Mary . . . Oh!"

Lieutenant Jason swore softly. "This pig is going to ruin everything for me!"

They were both down to breakfast before anyone else. Lieutenant Jason had his plans all ready.

"Listen, old boy. This is what we must do. Feed the animal this morning to keep it quiet, and then, after lunch, take it across the river and let it go."

"It will be found wandering, no doubt, but no one will connect it in any way with ourselves. I hope. Positively the last thing I want to do at this moment is to be mixed up with anything, and yet at the outset it appeared to be such a good idea!"

"But how," asked the junior subaltern, who was practical, "do you propose to get the pig over the river? In broad daylight, old boy?"

"I happen," said Lieutenant Jason, "to have an old cricket bag. I have thought it all out rather carefully. The band will be practising from



two-thirty on, in case the pig is vocal, as it were."

The pig was not only vocal, it was agile. It took them much longer than they had anticipated to catch it and put it into the cricket bag. Once incarcerated, the silence was so complete that Lieutenant Jason peered anxiously through the air holes they had thoughtfully made.

"I say, I believe it's fainting!"

"Well, it can't be helped," said the junior subaltern. "This is no time to get sympathetic, old boy. Did you square Mary about the picnic?"

"Yes. I told her we were both on unexpected duty, firing at the range. Gosh, this thing is heavy."

The barracks were pleasantly situated on the hill, looking over wide meadows to a small wood, beyond which twisted the silver ribbon of the river. They had some difficulty in getting the bag over the stile at the bottom of the fields.

"Easy does it, old boy!" said the junior subaltern. They deposited it on the ground, leapt lightly over the stile, and then stooped dead.

Please turn to page 40

"My husband's a different man!"

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FUNNYMAN



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and
JOE SHUSTER

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As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Your most interesting days this week are January 18, 19, and 22. They may bring beneficial contacts, either in business, your career, or in furthering happy friendships.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Conditions promise to be helpful this week in bringing either good news from afar, an enjoyable trip, plans for a voyage, or the meeting of people from distant parts who contribute to your happiness. Watch January 18 and 19.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): A slight boom in your monetary affairs will be shown if you get busy from January 18 to 23. Business will improve and speculation or interests in shares could prove profitable. Some could benefit through a legacy.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): This week could bring new and stimulating friendships, also gain and pleasure through your marriage partner. All days are favorable from January 18, with the exception of January 22 and 24, which are mildly adverse.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Expect bright and happy days from January 18 to 20. Some uplift through work or business may give you more profit or a rise. Use care during January 22.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Your luck is very good for speculation this week. Romance, entertainment, and all matters close to your heart are favored. Uninteresting days are January 20 and 24.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Relatives, home, domestic affairs, or real estate cause activity this week. Choose January 18 and 19 for any special change, travel, correspondence, or personal dealings.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): A good week to entertain and extend your social circle, strengthen your close contacts, visit relatives, or have them stay with you. Beneficial results follow. Your best period, January 18 to 23.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): A good money week if you get busy before the week-end. Some close contact could prove most helpful in your business or monetary affairs. Romance is also well favored.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Wider opportunities prevail this week. Exert your personality and initiative or go after things you have been hoping for and you should have some success by January 23.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Those in business can expect some personal success in connection with groups or associations, while a very romantic time is ahead for all in love. Many will enjoy an excursion or sea trip around January 18 and 19.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A key week for all matters concerning friendship and love or where your interests are tied up with another. Grasp every opportunity to bring about that long-desired wish. Excellent days, January 18 to 23.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.)

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - January 21, 1950

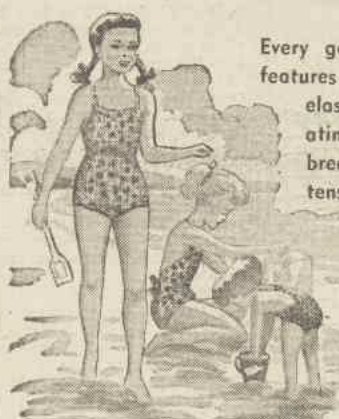
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News from the studios

By cable from
LEE CARROLL in Hollywood

THERE may soon be many silver automobiles on Hollywood's thoroughfares if the screen girls follow Lana Turner's lead.

Lana got hers from husband Bob Topping. It's a convertible, painted silver-platinum to match Lana's new hair color.

Movieland is wondering what Betty Grable will do. She has a new silver-color hairdo, too.

KEENAN WYNN, who is to M.G.M. musicals as butter is to bread, proved no exception with his new assignment in "Three Little Words" with Arlene Dahl. Wynn will be seen as a loquacious agent who splits up the songwriting team of Fred Astaire and Red Skelton. Richard Thorpe is the director.

CLARA BOW is sufficiently well again to consider an offer to return to the screen. Rex Bell, her husband, confirmed that they are discussing the possibility of making a picture together as the male and female stars, but he refused to discuss details. It will probably be a Western.

THE resignations of producer Arthur Hornblow and director John Huston from M.G.M.'s epic "Quo Vadis" have resulted in urgent conferences among the studio moguls who must now realize their set-up for the big project. The studio's representative in Rome, where the film will be made, was called to Hollywood for the first time since he left last May to discuss the problems of appointing a new producer-director team. The representative, Henry Henington, has spent the past eight months arranging production facilities in Italy.



RICHARD BASEHART and Cyd Charisse share a newspaper during a rest period on the set of "Tension," a film in which they both have important roles. A dramatic part is a change for the feminine dancer, and Basehart, regarded as a movie "find," plays a dual personality.

DEANNA DURBIN made her first public appearance in several months when she lunched alone at the Brown Derby restaurant in the middle of the rush hours. The former singing star is surprisingly slender, but this is not to say that the reports that she has been overweight were false. Critics say that Deanna's appearance was purely a diplomatic move. She has finally managed to lose enough weight to roam about in public without being ridiculed. Anyway, Hollywood is glad to have her back.

THE latest star to have the misfortune to be cast opposite villainous Richard Widmark is blonde Barbara Bel Geddes. She is luckier than others, however, because Widmark's role in "Port of Entry" will be a sympathetic one, that of a health officer. Paul Douglas has the third top role in the melodrama, which director Elia Kazan is shooting on location at New Orleans, Louisiana. Widmark just recently completed his movie task of beating and slapping Linda Darnell in "No Way Out."

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Barber of Seville

OPERA per medium of the screen is an interesting experiment.

All in all, it must be judged a successful one, for the merits of "The Barber" far outweigh the defects, which are chiefly those of photography and recording.

With greater attention to these, audiences can look forward to better things from celluloid opera.

The selection of Rossini's classic, with its gaiety, charm, and romantic atmosphere, for this initial essay into complete screen opera was wise.

Tenor Ferruccio Tagliavini plays the Count of Almaviva. Tito Gobbi sings the role of Figaro, the barber. Nelly Corradi makes a glamorous Rosina, and Vito de Tarento appears as Don Bartolo.

In Sydney—the Savoy.

★★ Home of the Brave

STANLEY KRAMER, astute producer of the box-office hit "Champion," comes up with a different sort of shocker in "Home of the Brave," a dramatic film with a wartime background.

It is about a young negro soldier who, through battle shock, coupled with a lifetime feeling of persecution, becomes paralyzed in the legs, and the film depicts methods used to restore physical and mental health.

Because Australians have little experience of the color problem, the plea for racial tolerance loses some of its impact here, but it is gripping screen entertainment for all that.

The all-male cast is small, compact, has no big names. James

Edwards plays the sensitive colored boy, around whom the drama develops when a party of five proceed to reconnoitre a Jap-held Pacific island.

Lloyd Bridges plays the role of a school-days chum and wartime friend of the negro; Frank Brodie is the big business man, now a corporal. Frank Lovejoy, a laconic G.I., with a kind heart, and Douglas Dick, the youthful major, directing the group.

Each man has to work out his own problems, and does so according to his nature and resources.

Often highly dramatic, and consistently tense, this is a war film that is neither over-sentimental nor flag-waving. In Sydney—Esquire.



LATIN-AMERICAN song and dance star Carmen Miranda switches from her customary fruity attire to the costume of a pig-tailed conga girl for a party at Ciro's.

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average

★ Madame Bovary

GUSTAVE Flaubert's celebrated novel has been made into a novelettish film.

The tale of Emma Bovary's amours is basically the story of a heartless, selfish woman so anxious to grasp for herself the better things of life that neither crime nor sin stands in her path.

Audience sympathy for the beauty-starved daughter of a poor French family runs pretty thin by the time she has ruined her rather stodgy husband, deserted her child, and been cast off by two handsome lovers.

In the title role Jennifer Jones has to work very hard to be as alluring as the script demands, and at times the strain tells.

Van Heflin plays unfortunate Charles Bovary, a gentle country doctor of no particular skill but great kindness.

Louis Jourdan and Christopher Kent are excellent in their characterizations.

The Bovary film begins with the trial of Gustave Flaubert, played by James Mason, who makes a brief appearance when he takes the stand to defend his work against its censorship as an insult to womanhood. Thereafter his smooth voice narrates Emma's adventures.

The M.G.M. production is sumptuously produced, and there is some striking photography.

In Sydney—St. James.

Gobelin Tapestries

By IRENE HANSTATTER, of our London staff

Tapestry is fast becoming one of Europe's most popular forms of artistic expression, according to famous English art critic Eric Newton.

Reason he gives is that tapestry appeals more to the imagination than to the photographic eye. And that is what people want now.

LEADING in the field of modern tapestry are the French State-owned Gobelin factories in Paris, which for nearly 400 years have catered for changing artistic tastes.

Their modern tapestries show no sign of the pseudo-medieval technique employed by other concerns. The great artists who design for Gobelins adapt modern art expertly to the tapestry medium.

But the technique for producing the huge, glowing tapestries has not changed through the centuries.

It is eye-straining work. The fabric is woven by inserting colored weft between alternate threads of the warp. Every line of weaving is made up of many different colored wefts, each single one in its appropriate place.

The outline of the design is traced on the warp in charcoal, but the rounding of the contours and the building up of color are interpreted by the weaver from the life-size design by his side.

To see the front of his work, he peers through the threads at a mirror.

Using the same old vertical looms, it still takes one year for one person to weave a square yard. Many descendants of the workpeople of Jehan Gobelin, who started the firm as a dye factory in the 15th century, still work the looms.

The atelier keeps 14,400 shades of yarn in stock. Matisse used only 21 colors from them in the tapestry shown here.

Jehan founded the factory in enthusiasm after he discovered a new scarlet dyestuff. He spent so much money on his pet factory that his neighbors called it "la folie Gobelin."

His "folly" was forgotten by the sixteenth century when his descendants, disregarding the dyeworks, were making the most beautiful tapestries in France.

In 1662, the French Finance Minister, Colbert, looking for more brilliance with which to surround King Louis XIV

(The Sun King), bought the Gobelins works for the State.

Louis commissioned exquisite upholstery, rich carpets, and enormous wall hangings.

Most of the centuries-old tapestries are now held by the State of France or are in museums over the world. If any get on the market they fetch from £300 to tens of thousands of pounds.

In the 1930's Gobelins fought and won a battle with die-hard connoisseurs of tapestry who did not want weavers to use bright vegetable dyes, but to copy the fading coloring in old tapestries.

The central figure and founder of the modern tapestry movement is powerfully built, grey-haired Jean Lurcat.

Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Dufy, Roualt, and Leger are some of the noted modern painters who have supported him in his breakaway from traditional design.

Lurcat concentrates on the village of Aubusson, in the south of France, where, in their cottages, weavers operate the same looms used by their forefathers.

He commissions the best-known weaver in the village, called Tabard. Like the other Aubusson weavers, Tabard uses a horizontal loom with which he can finish a square yard in a month instead of the year it takes on the vertical loom.

Critics say that the horizontal loom produces a coarser weave than the vertical loom—but Lurcat doesn't believe that lessens its artistic worth, or that the extra time necessitated by the upright loom would be justified.

The amount of labor spent on one tapestry makes the price too high for any but the very wealthy these days. Most of the buyers who snap up the few which come into English auction rooms are Americans, who like to hang them on the walls of their flats.



FRENCH PAINTER and designer Jean Lurcat poses in his Paris studio against a background of one of his colorful tapestries. Below: This brilliant Gobelin tapestry designed by Matisse demonstrates revolutionary change in tapestry design. Color pictures by Howard Burne.



GOBELIN WEAVERS consult one another over colors. In medieval times pride was taken in number of colors used, but current trend is for greater simplicity. Weavers' long apprenticeship includes lessons in sketching, painting, and sculpture.



VISITORS inspect half-completed tapestry at Gobelin factory, in Paris, which is open for inspection one afternoon a week. It takes an average of seven to eight years to complete each tapestry. Now State-owned, Gobelin factories have catered for changing tastes for 400 years.

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1 THRIVING community built by exiled French colonists under leadership of Colonel Georges Geraud (Philip Dorn) is visited by rugged Kentucky riflemen, led by attractive John Breen (John Wayne.)



2 SHOPPING in town, Fleurette de Marchand (Vera Ralston) has romantic introduction to John Breen, who is attracted by the charm and elegance of the girl.

ROMANCE OF WILDS



THE FIGHTING KENTUCKIAN

AFTER Napoleon's defeat at Waterloo, his officers and their families, exiled from France, turned to America, and by Act of Congress in 1817 they were granted four townships in the territory of Alabama, where they settled down to carve homes out of the wilderness.

This Republic film explores a chapter about these strange colonists, playing up the dramatic contrast between noble former members of Napoleon's court and the rough and ready frontiersmen.

John Wayne, functioning for the first time as director as well as head of the cast, co-stars with Vera Ralston, Philip Dorn, and Oliver Hardy in the comedy role.



3 COMPLETELY captivated, John Breen detains his regiment. Fleurette's mother (Odette Myrtil) disapproves.

4 FORCED by needs of fellow exiles, family favors Randolph (John Howard), who is determined to marry Fleurette.



5 REBELLIOUS at this injustice to Fleurette and himself, Breen resigns from frontier regiment and challenges warnings issued by Randolph and George Hayden (Grant Withers), who controls rivermen.



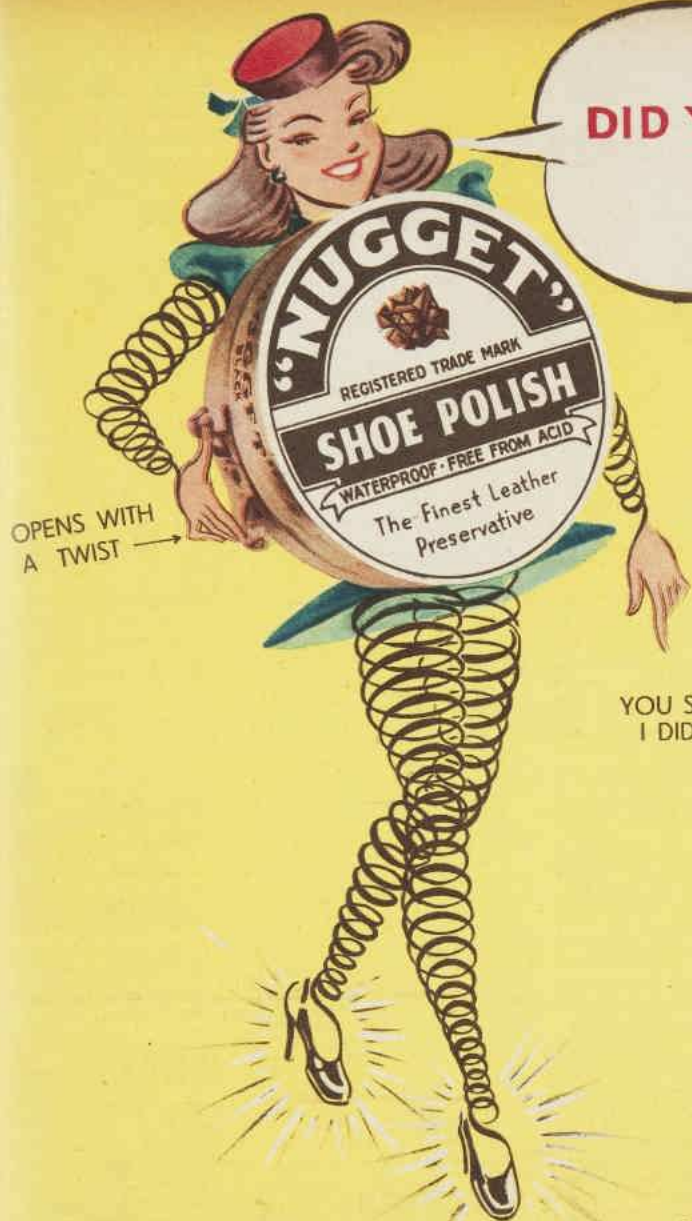
6 EVIDENCE of scheme perfected by Hayden, Ann Logan (Marie Windsor), and Beau Merritt (Paul Fix) to evict French settlers from holdings is discovered.



7 BATTLE between poorly armed French and rivermen ensues in which Hayden shoots Randolph when he tries to halt eviction for Fleurette's sake. Breen gives chase and Hayden is killed in fight.



8 COMMANDED by General Andrew Jackson, Second Kentucky Riflemen rescue French colony. Breen marries Fleurette as Kentuckians take to trail again.



YOU SEE
I DID!

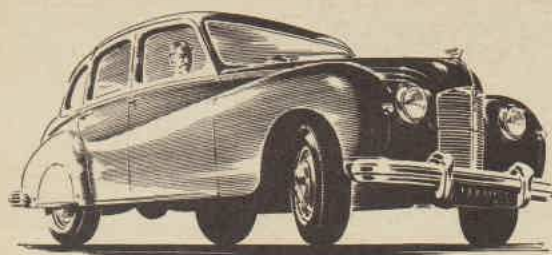
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QUICK-EZE 6^P PER PKT.
for INDIGESTION

Saving Their Bacon

Continued from page 34

LIEUT. JASON and the young subaltern gazed at the wood carpeted with bluebells, and loud with birdsong and the singing kettle over which Mrs. Cottar, the colonel's wife, crouched, feeding a small, neat fire with twigs. Mary, enchanting in a pink frock, was unpacking the picnic hamper.

"Tim!" said Mary, standing up to stare in astonishment. "I thought you were both firing at the range. And what on earth have you got in that bag?"

"Our bathing things," said the junior subaltern brightly. "The firing was off. So we thought—we thought we'd have a bathe in the river, down there, you know. And join you later."

The pig remained mercifully silent. One squeak, thought Lieutenant Jason, and all is lost. Also he hated the way the colonel's wife was regarding the bag, and he would have been still more uneasy had he heard her remark as they went off through the wood: "Mary, mark my words, those boys are up to something again!"

Mary watched them uneasily out of sight. Tim wouldn't again—not so soon, she thought unhappily. He had promised her faithfully. But the sun didn't seem so warm any more, or the bluebells so lovely.

The young men crossed the river by the stepping-stones. To make things doubly sure, they went some way down the opposite bank before releasing the captive. The pig, emptied unceremoniously out on to the grass, appeared to have little interest in its sudden freedom. It just lay there.

"Let's get going," said Lieutenant Jason feverishly. "I don't like the way it looks at us." He began striding briskly back the way they had come.

"Well. Your bathe didn't take you long," said Mrs. Cottar, as they arrived back.

"We thought after all it was a bit cold," said the junior subaltern, and coughed, in an effort to suggest delicate health. Mrs. Cottar looked at the cricket bag, which had seemed extremely bulky and heavy. It was now entirely deflated. Her woman's intuition warned her, but she could not be quite sure against what.

The picnic was a success, but with an odd air of restraint—a something in the wind. On the way home Lieutenant Jason managed to drop behind with Mary, who was worried.

"Tim, I'm sure something is the matter. It's nothing to do with that silly fancy dress dance, is it?"

"Nothing. Absolutely nothing, darling. I swear it."

"There's something, I know. You're worried."

"I was. But everything is all right now. Honestly, darling. You must try to trust me."

They kissed fondly.

"As soon as ever your father has simmered down a bit I'll speak to him—we'll speak to him," whispered Lieutenant Jason. He returned to his quarters to change for mess, refreshed and rejuvenated. Halfway through his bath came a tap on the door.

"Tim!"

"Hallo!"

"I say, bad news. The pig's back."

"Back where?"

"Snuffling under the garage door. Lured back by hopes of a meal, I suppose. Can you come?"

Lieutenant Jason dressed with the speed of despair. "What on earth are we to do now?"

"Kill it," said the junior subaltern laconically.

"But what about 'Licence to Slaughter'?"

"We can't bother about details like that in a jam like this. If the colonel hears of it, the penalties will be something to shout about."

"How on earth do you kill a pig, anyway?"

"I have no idea. We'll have to shoot it. I've got a Mauser. Then, after dinner to-night, we'll come along and bury the thing."

"The shot will be heard."

"If it is, they'll only think it is another poacher. Things are getting too hot. Parker was scuffling around just now, looking a bit suspicious, I thought."

Dew made a grey carpet of the meadow as they hurried back to the wood again. The pig was becoming quite trained to the bag. It went in without a murmur. When they emptied it out, it seemed inert and uninterested in the proceedings.

"Prop it up against the tree," said the junior subaltern.

"It's really too young to die," said Lieutenant Jason, looking reluctant. "Don't be sloppy, old boy. This is no time for idle sentiment. Stand clear."

Maybe the pig had not found life so sweet that it was loath to leave it. It did not struggle, and the junior subaltern finished it off with one shot.

"I wish," said the junior subaltern with a shudder, "that it did not look so like my Aunt Sonia. Here you are. Cover it with these branches and some dead leaves. We'll come down later."

He stopped dead, listening. "Did you hear anything?" A twig snapped. There was a sound like footsteps slinking by.

"Only a rabbit, old boy. Let's get out of it. The place is getting on my nerves," said Lieutenant Jason. "Never again. Never, never again!"

"Pity it's guest night. Means we shan't get out till pretty late," sighed the junior subaltern.

He was right. The colonel collared them both for a bridge game that never seemed to end.

But at last they got away. They collected a couple of shovels and crept stealthily from the mess. It was dark in the woods and they had trouble in finding the right spot. When they got there, they peered through the heap of branches, the pile of dead leaves, at the little nest where the pig had lain.

It was empty.

"It's not there. It's gone," shouted Lieutenant Jason, looking both surprised and relieved.

"Not there? Well, that lets us out of that, old boy," said the junior subaltern. "Still, I'd like to know where that pig went."

"I don't care where it went, as long as we don't find it back at barracks."

"Don't be silly, old boy. It was as dead as a doornail."

They hurried back to the barracks and went straight to the garage, left open to air. It was empty, swept and garnished.

"Thank heaven," breathed Lieutenant Jason. "From now on, I intend to devote myself solely to Mary, and to my duty. The only true way to promotion and the good opinion of one's senior officers is hard work—not unexpected pork!"

The next day he entered the mess a little late for lunch, but for once got no black looks from the colonel. The colonel was seated, his thumbs in the armholes of his tunic, with the look on his face of a man who has lunched well.

"Come along, my boy. Good lunch to-day," said the colonel. "Pork. Succulent young pork—and crackling. That butcher of ours seems to be excelling himself. Parker, you can tell the butcher, from me, that I am very pleased with him."

Behind the colonel's chair stood Parker, stiff and upright. "Yessir!" he said smartly, staring at the ceiling.

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Romind is the recently developed formula of an American scientist, and is now available in Australia at all chemists to fight your disabling pains in these 3 ways: 1. It starts stopping pain in 30 to 45 minutes. 2. It removes excess irritating acids and poisons which deplete your muscles. 3. It kills certain germs which infect muscles and joints.

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Note: Fibrositis is a disease related to Rheumatism, but is usually much more painful and requires a special treatment such as Romind.

Romind

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

NEW maternity fashions include the two-color plot, and the one-piece dress with a two-piece look.

Such a dress would solve the problem of the young expectant mother who wrote the following letter:

Maternity fashion

"DURING the latter part of May I am expecting my first baby, and would be so grateful if you could give me a style for an attractive frock to wear for the remainder of the time. I have already bought a very nice maternity coat with a smart swing back. I am 22, and am fond of clothes. I generally follow American styles."

Something new and attractive for maternity wear is the one-piece dress with a two-piece look, which is sketched here. This design is booming in America, where maternity clothes are a very specialised line of fashion. The one illustrated was styled in New York, and has smooth shoulders, a flattering surplice closing, and a shirred cummerbund, with soft fullness at the waist to hide the expansion adjustment. Black with a lilac-pink top, two shades of blue, and brown with honey-beige would all be attractive color combinations you might consider.

Beige lace

"ON April 3 I am to be married, but I am not wearing bridal dress. I want something very smart and, at the same time, becoming and soft, in a pinky-beige color, because that suits me well. What material would you advise, and



A ONE-PIECE maternity dress which simulates a two-piece and which can be made in dozens of smart color combinations.

would you give me some suggestions for the dress?"
Why not have beige lace made

over a slim crepe foundation in a matching color? Have a cowl-draped neckline finished with a cuff, and the skirt longer than the foundation, about twelve inches from the floor. Have fullness in the skirt falling from one hip, and the waist could be finished with matching velvet ribbon and a cluster of pink roses.

Autumn wardrobe

"WOULD you give me suggestions for my autumn and winter wardrobe? I want a suit, something for the week-ends, and a suitable frock for informal dances and parties. I don't want anything costly, as I am only in my late teens, and I have to keep myself in clothes."

A wrist-length box jacket in caramel-beige wool to team with a slim matching skirt and velvet beret in exactly the same shade would make a chic day-time suit for autumn into winter. For the week-ends you could utilise the same jacket plus a plaid skirt, plaid to feature lots of red, plus a red skirt or sweater, or both. A street-length one-piece made in olive-green velveteen, styled with bare shoulders and a gored skirt, would be new and attractive for informal and semi-formal occasions. Again, the original box jacket could be worn—olive-green and caramel is a smart new color combination.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



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ready to make

"SUZY."—A blouse with the new rounded shoulders and a roll collar. The material is pin-spot muslin, pink, green, and blue on a white ground.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 34/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 36/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 26/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/9. Postage 1/6 extra.

"LUCY."—A blouse with long sleeves and a soft tie neckline. The material is rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pale pink, and pale blue.

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"ROBERTA."—A smart one-piece made in printed cotton cambric. Colors obtainable are red, yellow, and blue; navy and red; red, green, and blue; and red and light blue; all printed on a white ground.

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Sparkling Andrews is pleasant to taste, and helps to keep you fit, with the bloom of health in your cheeks. FIRST: Andrews refreshes the mouth. NEXT: Andrews settles the stomach and corrects digestive upsets. THEN: Andrews tones up the liver. FINALLY: Andrews gently clears the system of trouble-making impurities. Try a sparkling glass to-morrow!

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which safely STOPS under-arm PERSPIRATION

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
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Apply this creamy cream straight from the tube.

In 3 minutes wash off. No trace of hair remains.

Shin is soft and smooth as if no ugly hair existed.

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Astounding Cream dissolves it in 3 minutes

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RICHER SUDS

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WHITER
THAN BRAND-NEW

WASHES
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IT'S BREATHTAKING!
THE WONDERFUL BRILLIANCE
THAT COMES BACK INTO
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THE MORE OFTEN YOU WASH
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THE WHITER AND BRIGHTER
THEY BECOME

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*Lady,
be limp*

● Whoever said "beauty is only skin deep" hadn't done much research on the subject of feminine charm and vitality.

MOST moderns realise that beauty is as much a matter of the frame of mind as of a peaches-and-cream complexion. Good looks are an overflow of physical and nervous energy, and that energy is not a special gift—it has to be built up and then guarded.

The effect of mental tranquillity on looks has been investigated by experts, who say that it takes only a few minutes a day of systematic relaxation to calm the nerves and restore pep.

Maybe you are one of the lucky few seemingly without a nerve in their bodies or a blemish on the complexion, but there is no point in waiting for a beautiful case of jitters to settle before starting to eliminate the cause of everyday habits like nail-biting, knuckle-cracking, handkerchief-twisting, or fidgeting—some of the milder signs.

Don't you wish you could pause—right now—and relax as thoroughly as the rag-doll shown above?

It looks funny and easy, but try it and see how hard it is to let every muscle down completely.

Some people simply think of themselves as a jug of treacle being poured on to a flat surface.

A less imaginative but possibly more successful method is to think consciously of every set of muscles and try to relax each set in turn.

You could begin with the fingertips and work up through the forearm, biceps, and shoulders.

Then concentrate on feet, legs, and tummy muscles.

If you have trouble in loosening up, that's the pointer to the wisdom of keeping at it.

Sleep will do much for health and beauty, but willing the muscles and nerves to rest at odd moments during the day brings extra benefits.

There are people who need more sleep, just as there are people who can feel refreshed and wide-awake after comparatively little.

Do you find it hard to achieve that utter release that is the very essence of rest once you are abed?

Until you can overcome the bother, a nap during the day, no matter how short, acts as a beauty

pickup, even if a chair is the best support offering.

Let the limbs flop, feel hands a dead-weight in the lap, dissolve the backbone against the back of the chair to acquire new vitality for the rest of the day's work.

Better still, stretch out, full length, somewhere for ten or fifteen minutes, loosen tight clothing, and just lie there, even if you do not actually sleep.

Steady hair-brushing and facials are both restful grooming habits.

When the scalp feels tight on the head, not-too-vigorous strokes of a brush for five or ten minutes is a simple way to relieve the tension, not to mention the benefit to the hair itself.

Remember to treat yourself to a home facial as often as you can both before an afternoon nap and at bedtime, when a leisurely warm bath and eye-bathing will round out nicely your plans for relaxation.

Color in the bedroom is not merely an interior decorator's happy thought, and is worthy of more than passing consideration.

Much pattern and color in decor is best saved for the dressing-room, kitchen, or other parts of the house, rather than the bedroom.

Small splashes of color here and there add to eye-appeal, and do not interfere with a soothing sleeping atmosphere.

Soft shades of green, blue, grey, or aqua are given as good themes in a sunny room, with pastel shades of rose, yellow, orchid, or other warm colors in a room which inclines to be dark.

This being the time of year when suggestions for relaxation and fatigue-avoiding ideas are welcomed, here is one which is tops for that purpose.

Fill a hot-water bottle with warm water—not hot. Lie on the back without a pillow, place the bottle under the neck at the top of the spine, and rotate the head slowly back and forth, from side to side, into it.

Stretch the chin muscles, open and close the mouth slowly as the head moves from side to side.

If you are resting only a few minutes, your neck will perspire freely. Stay with it from five to fifteen minutes just once, and no one will have to sell you on the results ever again.



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P.11-12



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THE FAMILY will certainly enjoy these tempting and wholesome meat dishes, Danish patties on onion slices with chilli sauce, creamed rabbit mould, and spiced steak shortcake. See recipes.

MEAT DISHES

HOT and COLD

● Meat is the most valuable source of body-building and repairing proteins and minerals, and therefore every attention should be given to its preparation.

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

WHAT a tantalising dish a cook who cares can make of a humble stew!

By cautiously adding varied flavors to your everyday meat dishes and serving them in fancy dress you will gain praise for your cooking with the expense of a little extra time and practically no extra cost.

Tomato sauce, Worcestershire sauce, vinegar, horse-radish, curry powder, lemon juice, chopped onion or shallot, and chopped vegetables are the most popular flavor additions, so use them frequently and in varied combinations.

The appetising meat dishes given on this page are planned to spice your menus. Do try them all, remembering that all spoon measurements are level.

DANISH PATTIES ON ONION SLICES

Three onions, 2 tablespoons melted margarine or butter, salt, pepper, 1½ lb. minced steak, ½ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon horse-radish (or more according to taste), ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, 1 egg, 6 bacon rashers, tomato wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Peel onions, cut into ½ in. slices. Arrange in bottom of greased casserole dish. Pour melted margarine or butter over onions, season with salt and pepper. Combine steak, breadcrumbs, parsley, horse-radish, salt and pepper. Bind with beaten egg, shape into 6 cakes with floured hands.

Wrap each meat cake in a rasher of bacon. Arrange on top of onion slices. Place lid on casserole, bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric), 35 to 40 min-

utes. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley. Serve with chilli sauce.

CHILLI SAUCE

One cup tomato puree, 1½ cups white wine vinegar, 1 tablespoon diced red pepper, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 finely chopped medium-sized onion, ¼ teaspoon cinnamon, 1/8th cup sugar, 1 tablespoon flour.

Place tomato puree, 1 cup vinegar, red pepper, salt, pepper, onion, cinnamon, and sugar in saucepan. Stir over gentle heat until sugar is dissolved. Bring to boiling point, simmer 20 minutes. Blend flour with remaining ¼ cup vinegar, stir small quantity of hot sauce into blended flour, return to saucepan, stir while sauce boils and thickens, simmer 3 minutes. Serve hot.

SPICED STEAK SHORTCAKE

Eight ounces savory scone dough, 1½ lb. topside or round steak, 2 tablespoons chopped onion, 1 tablespoon fat, 2 tablespoons flour, salt and pepper, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce, 1½ cups stock or water, 1 cup diced potato, 2 tablespoons diced parboiled red pepper, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, tomato slices, parsley to garnish.

Knead scone dough lightly on floured board, press out to fit 8 in. sandwich-tin. Bake in hot oven (450deg. F. gas, 500deg. F. electric) 15 to 17 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler; when cold, cut through centre, making two layers. Trim steak, cut into 1 in. squares, coat with flour seasoned with salt and pepper. Melt fat, add onion, meat, and balance of flour. Brown lightly, stirring frequently. Add stock or water and sauces, season with salt and pepper. Stir until mixture boils, cover, and simmer 45 minutes. Add potato, red pepper, and parsley, simmer further 30 minutes. Place shortcake on serving dish, fill meat mixture between layers, top with tomato slices and parsley. Serve with peas, carrot straws, and baby marrows topped with parsley sauce.

CREAMED RABBIT MOULD

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 3 tablespoons flour, 1 dessertspoon curry powder, salt and pepper to taste, pinch finely chopped fresh herbs, 1 pint milk, 2 cups diced cooked rabbit-meat, squeeze lemon juice, 2 dessertspoons gelatine, ¼ cup cold water, 1½ cups savory jelly, 1 cup cooked peas, strips of parboiled red pepper.

Accessories: Lettuce, cooked beetroot, cucumber, oranges, cream cheese balls coated with chopped nuts, celery curls, shallots, radish roses.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, curry powder, salt, and pepper. Stir over heat 1 or 2 minutes to cook flour. Add milk all at once, stirring until mixture boils and thickens.

Allow to cool slightly. Add rabbit-meat, lemon juice, and herbs. Soften gelatine in cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Add to cooled rabbit mixture. Rinse mould with cold water, cover bottom with thin layer savory jelly and allow to set. Arrange a pattern of green peas and strips of red pepper. Barely cover with jelly, chill. When quite set pour in cold creamed rabbit mixture, allow to set. Add balance of peas to remaining savory jelly, pour into mould. Place in ice-chest or refrigerator, and when firm unmould on to bed of lettuce.

Arrange sliced, scored cucumber, diced beetroot, orange wedges, tomato slices, nutty cream cheese balls, and celery curls in sections around platter. Separate sections with shallots, garnish platter with radish roses.

PORK CHOPS MEXICANA

One and half pounds pork chops, 2 medium-sized onions, 1 large granny-smith apple, 1 cup skinned chopped tomatoes, salt, pepper, 1 cup cooked macaroni, ½ cup finely grated cheese.

Trim chops, wipe with damp cloth. Cut each chop in halves. Place in bottom of casserole dish, season with salt and pepper. Peel and slice onions, arrange over chops, then add a layer of peeled, cored, and sliced apple. Season again with salt and pepper. Cover with a layer of tomatoes, then macaroni. Lastly top with grated cheese, place lid on casserole, and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) approximately 1½ hours until chops are tender. Serve hot garnished with parsley.

Our answer to rising meat prices



Wham — the tasty summer delicacy of sugar-cured ham and prime beef cuts

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WORN BY
AUSTRALIAN TEST
TEAM SINCE 1928



THIS luscious passionfruit and cherry custard pie will make a popular summer dessert, and wins first prize in this week's recipe contest. See recipe on this page.

Readers win cash prizes for favorite recipes

INTERESTING and unusual recipes from readers win this week's handsome cash prizes.

Luscious cherry and passionfruit custard pie is simple to make and has a velvety-smooth filling, light in texture and really mouth-melting. It is an ideal dinner sweet served with cream or ice-cream, and a delightful addition to the afternoon tea or supper table when served in thin wedges.

Other recipes for prawn and cucumber salad and prune and almond cream are enjoyable. Once tried they'll be requested over and over again.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

CHERRY AND PASSIONFRUIT CUSTARD PIE

Three dessertspoons gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, 1 cup milk, 3 dessertspoons sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup passionfruit pulp, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped, drained, cooked, and sweetened cherries, 2 eggs, one tin. cooked biscuit pastry case, extra cherries and mint leaves to decorate.

Separate egg-whites from egg-yolks. Beat yolks with milk, heat over boiling water until mixture coats a silver spoon. Allow to cool, stir in lemon juice, honey, and gelatine dissolved in hot water. Beat egg-whites until stiff and frothy, gradually add sugar, beat until dissolved. Fold into custard mixture, leave in cool place until beginning to set. Lastly fold in passionfruit pulp and cherries and fill into pastry case. Chill until required, decorate with cherries and mint leaves before serving with or without cream or ice-cream.

First Prize of £5 to Miss L. Gregory, Elgin St. Post Office, Carlton, Vic.

PRAWN AND CUCUMBER SALAD

Two cups shelled prawns, 1 cucumber, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced parboiled celery, 3 or 4 grapefruit or oranges,

2 tablespoons chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup mayonnaise, olives, whole prawns, tomato wedges, and parsley sprigs to garnish.

Cut grapefruit or oranges in halves, scoop out pulp and decorate by cutting edges with scissors, making attractive shells. Dice the pulp, removing all pith, combine with prawns, celery, chopped parsley, and lemon juice, and bind with mayonnaise. Season with salt and pepper, fill into grapefruit or orange shells, chill. Serve on bed of lettuce. Top each with half an olive. Arrange sliced scored cucumber, tomato wedges, and whole prawns attractively on platter. Serve very cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Boyle, Station St., Penarth, N.S.W.

PRUNE AND ALMOND CREAM

One tablespoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{4}$ pint lemon jelly, $\frac{1}{4}$ cups egg custard (cooked and cooled), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup hot water, 1 dessertspoon port wine or sherry, strips of stale sponge cake, sugar, prunes, cherries, blanched almonds, red coloring, almond essence.

Pour small quantity of jelly into bottom of wetted mould, allow to set. Arrange a pattern of almonds and prunes in bottom, spoon a little more jelly in and allow to set, holding fruit and nuts in position. Arrange a row of cherries around edge of mould, barely cover with more jelly, chill until firm. Dip each sponge finger in jelly and arrange round edge of mould. Dissolve gelatine in hot water, fold into custard, flavor with almond essence. Pour half into mould, allow to set. Color remaining jelly with red coloring, add port wine or sherry, pour over custard. When jelly is firm, add remaining custard, chill. Unmould on to wet serving platter, decorate with prunes stuffed with almonds and serve with cream, cream substitute, or ice-cream.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. L. Knights, 8 Phillip Court, 1 Latimer Rd., Rose Bay, N.S.W.



PRAWN AND CUCUMBER SALAD in grapefruit shells is different and delicious. Serve it on bed of crisp lettuce and garnish with tomato wedges, cucumber slices, and extra unshelled prawns. See recipe.



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Add two spoonfuls of SAN-BRAN to your morning cereal and you add sparkling-eyed health to your diet. Specially milled from wheat, it provides gentle-acting food bulk... is perfectly safe... and contains important mineral elements. Deliciously malted and flavoured with malt, it's a firm favourite with children, too! From all grocers.

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HEDGE which lines front fence is of Lorraine Lee roses, a variety which blooms practically all the year round, giving perennial color to the garden.

Garden home . . .

THE outstandingly beautiful garden which surrounds the villa home of Mrs. Eleanor Shepherd, of "Powers Court," Littlehampton, S.A., is entirely the work of her own hands. Mrs. Shepherd has planned and worked for fifteen years to achieve the ornamental garden which has become quite a scenic spot in her neighborhood.

Her home on the main highway to Murray Bridge was originally that of her parents, but she has added to it and changed it so there is little resemblance now to the original villa residence.

Mrs. Shepherd has built every bit of her hill garden herself, carrying and laying tons of stone and cement for paths, terraces, grottoes, and pillars.

Garden amenities include a brick-and-stone barbecue, several ponds made of blue clinkers from the Littlehampton brickyard, and a brick incinerator, all her own handiwork.

The stones came from the back of Mt. Barker, and limestone from Murray Bridge.

Besides her talent for masonry, Mrs. Shepherd is quite a hand at carpentering. She has made her colorful wooden verandah furniture and the rustic seats which decorate the garden, as well as a wrought-iron garden table.

Footpath garden

MRS. SHEPHERD has not neglected the footpaths in front of her home. She has decorated them with grottoes, and planted flowers between the stonework.

Carloads of travellers on the highway, attracted by the colorful display, often stop to admire it and ask if they might look around.



DROOPING FLOWERS will revive if a teaspoonful of alum is placed in the water in which they are arranged. Cutting the stems on a slant, to allow them to absorb more water, is also a help.



FOOTPATH OF STONES set in cement is a sample of heavy work Mrs. Shepherd put into garden. Succulents, which are seen in profusion in the grounds, look like bunches of pastel roses.



TRIMMED ornamental shrubs are a feature of the garden. Rustic seat seen under golden fir tree was made by Mrs. Shepherd.



VERANDAH furniture and wrought-iron table in garden are also part of Mrs. Shepherd's handiwork.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO prevent uncomfortable shrinkage in the fingers of gloves when they are laundered, push a clothes peg down each finger and leave it there while the gloves dry.

TO remove iron rust from a garment or table-linen, place the stained section over a moderately hot inverted iron and squeeze the juice of a lemon on the mark. The steam should remove the stain.

BANANAS should never see the inside of your refrigerator. Buy them slightly green and keep them at room temperature to ripen and retain their delicate flavor.

THE stains on table-linen can be removed like magic if soaked in a solution of half to one teaspoon of pure borax in a cup of water. Rinse in boiling water.

TO prevent irritation and swelling from mosquito bites, rub soap on the bite and allow the lather to dry. A few sprigs of fresh mint hung above the bed will keep mosquitoes away at night.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — January 21, 1950



EXTENSIVE masonry work in flagged footpaths has taken Mrs. Shepherd years to complete. Flowers grow wherever there is a nook for them in garden.



Prepare for bulb planting

THE end of January in sight, the home gardener should be preparing the soil for spring-flowering bulbs, ready for February planting.

Any compost that has thoroughly decayed, as well as old well-rotted manure, can be added to the soil for daffodils, jonquils, hyacinths, tulips, lachenalias, freesias, anemones, bulbous irises, muscari, scillas, ranunculi, and snowflakes.

The compost should be well sieved, and all coarse material removed before it is added to the soil. Manure, similarly, should be broken up finely and passed through a sieve before being mixed thoroughly with the soil. New manure, of any kind, should on no account be used with bulbs or they may be seriously burned and damaged in other ways.

If manure is not obtainable, add bone dust (not blood and bone) and mix in thoroughly with the soil. Blood and bone can be used to build up soil for bulbs, but it has to be mixed in with the soil at least a month before the bulbs are put into the ground.

When planting daffodil and other narcissus bulbs, bear in mind that they require a deep, friable run for their roots. The soil, if heavy, should be dug over to a good depth and plenty of sand or sandy loam added to improve drainage. The bulbs should be covered with at least four to five inches of soil.

Hyacinths also need good drainage, rich soil, and deep cover. Five to six inches of cover is about right. The stems, in such cases, will then be long. Shallow planting invariably means short stems and unsatisfactory heads of bells.

Tulips are mostly grown down south or on the highlands of N.S.W. They do not bloom well if planted on the seaboard in N.S.W. They prefer fairly heavy soil that contains a lot of lime or ground limestone, and like hyacinths, require deep cover and a long season. They should be planted in February for best results.

Ranunculi are more accommodating. The seeds rarely germinate until the cooler weather of April comes along, but the claws will sprout quickly if set out next month. They need to be just covered with light sandy loam, and also require good drainage conditions. Anemones also do well in light soil, but are not so fussy and will flower satisfactorily in even heavy loam provided the drainage is good.

In addition to the bulbs previously mentioned, the following can be sown in February — Allium, alstroemeria, anemone, babiana, brodiaea, brunsvigia, chionodoxa, clivia, crocus, cyrtanthus, habranthus, hippastrum, hypoxis, leucocoryne, ornithogalum, sparaxis, stembergia, streptanthera, triticea, and watsonias.—Our Home Gardener.

WIDE VIEW of gardens, paths, and lawns shows how beautifully the garden is laid out. Besides the perennials, Mrs. Shepherd plants many thousands of annual seedlings each year.

HANDLING THE TINY BABY . . .

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

SKILL in dressing and handling a newborn baby is acquired only through experience.

In the early weeks you should handle baby very carefully and as little as possible.

Never sit baby up to unfasten a dress and take it off, but roll the child gently to one side.

When removing garments raise baby's head gently and slip them over the head from the back forwards and not over the face to the back of the head.

Remember that at first baby's head is relatively large and the heaviest part of his body, and should always be carefully supported until

the muscles of his neck and shoulders are stronger.

However, every very young baby needs a certain amount of careful handling and "mothering," for this is the only exercise he gets.

Babies who are allowed to lie passively in their cots for too long, and don't get enough "mothering," tend to become pale, flabby, and inert.

Wrong and right methods of the early handling of your baby are explained in detail in a leaflet which can be obtained by writing to The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. A stamped addressed envelope should be enclosed with the request.



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deep-down dirt
quickly — thoroughly

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For dark woods ask for FISHER'S DARK STAIN (WAXTANE)

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259

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

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No. 259. TEA-TOWELS
Drying dishes is more fun with these gay linen tea-towels. Measuring 22in. x 34in., they have green, lemon, and blue borders. The towels are obtainable either traced ready to embroider, or plain. Price, 5/3 each. Postage, 4d. extra. Set of three, 15/3. Registered postage, 1/3 extra.

No. 260. D'OYLEY CASE
Traced ready to embroider on heavy cream linen, and in blue, lemon, pink, green, white sheer linen, and British cotton, in pastel shades of green, pink, blue, and lemon, these pretty cases for your d'oyleys measure 11in. x 11in. Lace edging is not supplied. Price: Linen, 4/6. Postage, 4d. extra. Cotton, 2/6. Postage, 4d. extra.

No. 261. DUCHESSE SET
A quaint Duchesse set traced ready to embroider on heavy cream linen, and on blue, lemon, pink, green, and white sheer linen, also British cotton in pastel shades of green, pink, blue, and lemon. The

large mat measures 15in. x 15in. and the small mats 8in. x 8in.
Price: Linen, 6/11. Postage, 4d. extra. Cotton, 4/6. Postage, 4d. extra.

No. 262. SMOCK
This pretty smock is cut out ready to machine. The material is a springtime cotton, in a floral and spotted design. Full instructions for making are given. Colors are pastel green, lemon, blue, and pink, with a white spot and flower design. Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 18/3, and 1/6 registered postage. 36 and 38in. bust, 19/9, registered postage, 1/6 extra.

No. 263. BUTTONED ONE-PIECE
New rounded neckline and big pocket are features of this one-piece frock cut out ready to make. The material is summer breeze, in pink, red, lemon, blue, and green backgrounds, with a small white spot. Full instructions for making are given. Sizes, 32 and 34in. bust, 26/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 28/9. Registered postage, 2/- extra.

When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 259, 260, 261, 262, and 263, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders are not accepted.

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 41.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5843. — One-piece dress features the new slim skirtline and tucks for trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5844. — Designed for the teenagers, an attractive one-piece with pretty yoke treatment. Sizes 34, 36, and 38in. lengths for 12, 14, and 16 years. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5845. — Soft one-piece, with fashionable plunging neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5846. — Three-piece, lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material for nightgown, 2½yds. 36in. material for slip, 1½yds. 36in. material for panties, plus 1½yds. lace, 3yds. 1in. lace edging, and 6½yds. of 1in. ribbon. Price complete, 3/6.

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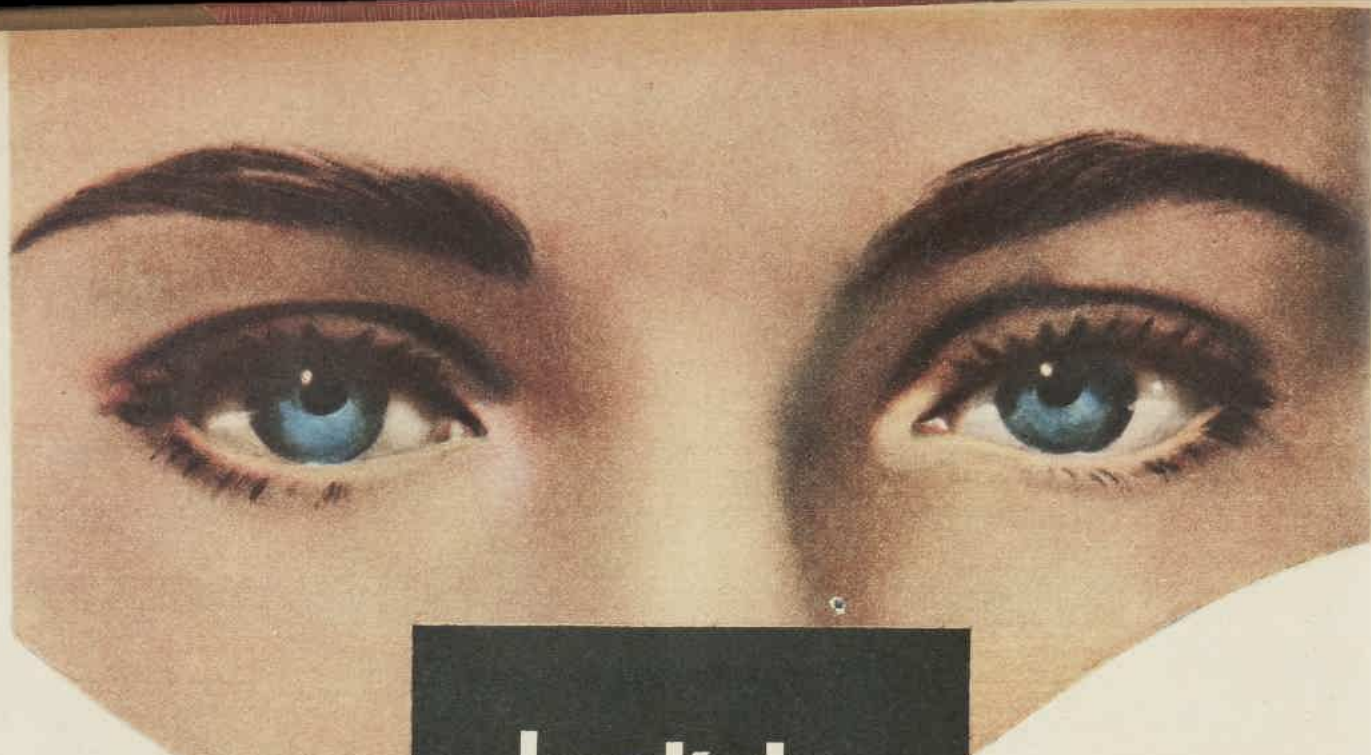
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